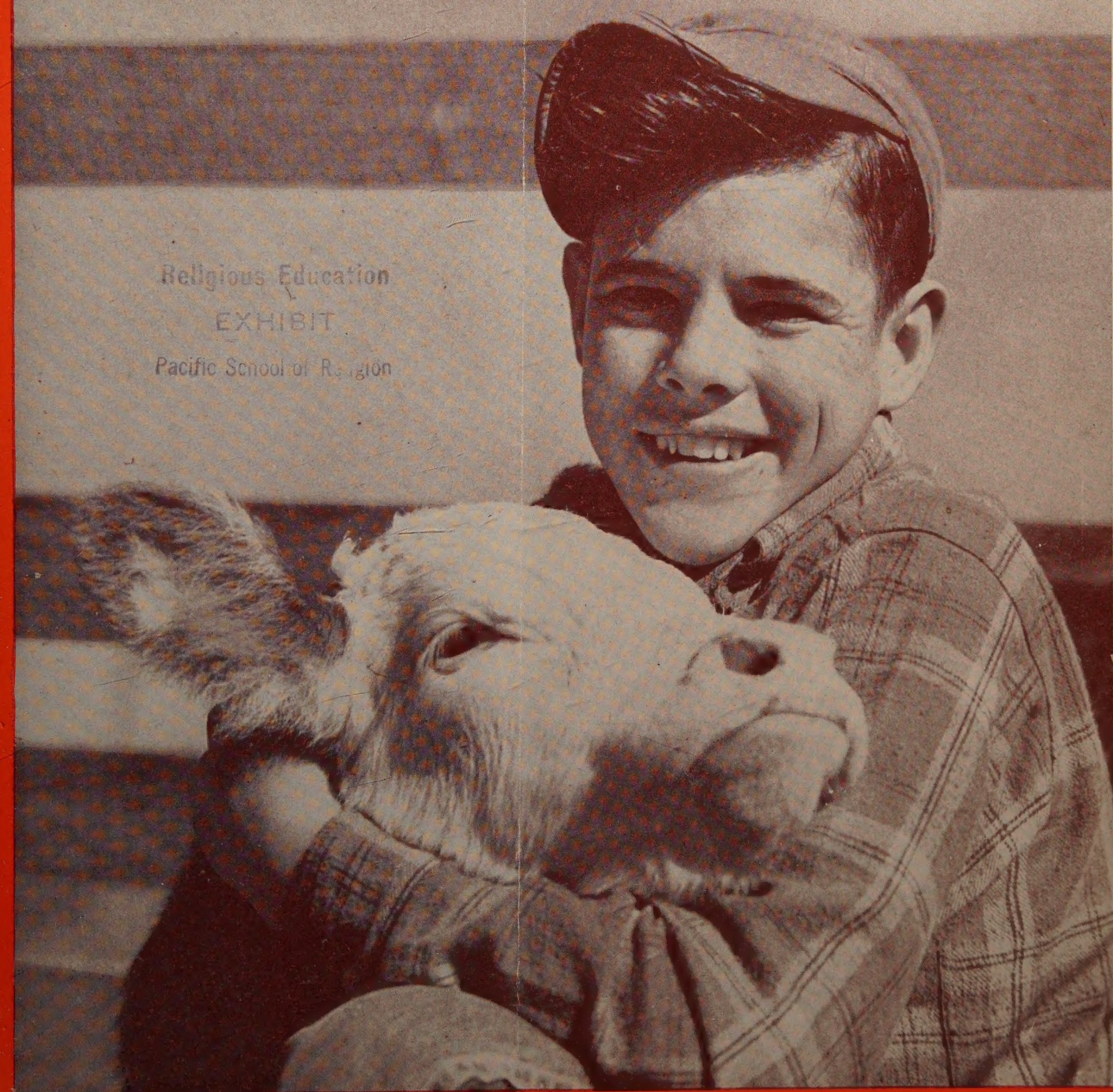


*The* **H** *Magazine for the Christian Home*  
**earthstone**

Religious Education  
EXHIBIT  
Pacific School of Religion

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- **Cause for Alarm—Frances Dunlap Heron**
- **My Time Is God's Time—H. Victor Kane**

**OCTOBER, 1952 ~ 25c**



# The *H* Magazine for the Christian Home Hearthstone

E. LEE NEAL, *Editor*

IDA PARKER BIEBER, *Assistant Editor*

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## Fireside Chat

October—and as we relish the warm glow of a fire on our hearth, there comes to mind the time when, just 460 years ago this month, Columbus brought his ships to anchor and built his first fire on a beach in the new land.

Many, many Europeans have followed this daring captain of the sea. Some ventured forth to America in slow-moving sailing vessels; others, recently, have been whisked across the waters in giant queens of the sea, or above the waves in man-made birds of the air. But whenever and however they came, and whatever their new abode—cabin or mansion, tenement or farmhouse, all have come to their new firesides, like Columbus, with hope and anticipation.

Truly, they were a chosen few—screened at first, not by emigration laws, but by the rigorous requirements of migration itself. They were the ones with the courage to tear up old roots; with the determination to improve their lot; with the confidence in their own resourcefulness and ability to meet new conditions; and, those of the Christian faith, with the conviction that they could establish new and better Christian homes and churches in a new and better land.

● These Christian goals persist, and now in *Hearthstone*, we present a magazine to help perpetuate the Christian home and Christian ideals.

● In this month's issue, "Food to Nurture Your Child's Mind and Spirit" is the study article. "Table Talk on Bible Versions," "Will Your Teen-Ager Chose a Church Vocation?" "My Time Is God's Time," to mention a few, contain both inspiration and information. Halloween party plans and ideas for quilt-makers are for church groups and homemakers. And the rest? Well, like John Alden, they should speak for themselves.

## Next Month . . .

While there is still a puff of wind bulging our sails, we'll list some of the cargo stored in the hold for November: "Come, Ye Thankful People, Come"; "Win, Lose or Draw," to help teenagers meet victory and defeat; "Sunday Night Suppers by the Children"; a Cousin Tom story; Christmas gifts; Dr. Crane . . . and more. But the breeze is all!

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*A*

## *Valleys of Singing Grain*

*Word*

*from*

*The*

*Word*

Praise is due to thee, O God, in Zion;  
and to thee shall vows be performed.

Thou makest the outgoings of the  
morning and the evening  
to shout for joy.

Thou visitest the earth and waterest  
it,

thou greatly enrichest it;  
the river of God is full of water;

thou providest their grain,  
for so thou hast prepared it.

Thou waterest its furrows abundant-  
ly,  
settling its ridges,

softening it with showers,  
and blessing its growth.

Thou crownest the year with thy  
bounty;

the tracks of thy chariot drip with  
fatness.

The pastures of the wilderness drip,  
the hills gird themselves with joy,  
the meadows clothe themselves with  
flocks,

the valleys deck themselves with  
grain,

they shout and sing together for  
joy.

—Psalm 65:1, 8-13.



Rich or poor, strong or weak, brilliant or dull, old or young—everyone has the same amount of time in a year. But who gets the most when he invests it—the ambitious or the lazy, the prudent or the foolish, the pure in heart or the evil-minded? How can you increase your returns? You'll find suggestions in . . .

# *My time is*



**R**UDY VALLEE, one of the first "big-name" entertainers in radio, used to croon, "My time is your time." Did you ever think that those words might be a prayer—if you turned them toward God, and thought of them as a motto for your life?

We say that our lives belong to God, and they do, but life is lived in terms of time, and is God's only when its days are devoted to that which is best. To take the hours of each day and use them wisely in activities that are interesting and worth while, would be to make them "God's time."

*This is the time, my time,  
God's time!*

*And now I make the day good  
by the good I give it,  
Every minute beautiful by the  
way I live it.<sup>1</sup>*

## **What Is Time?**

Time is one of the strangest and most intriguing qualities of our existence. Each one of us is like a child playing on the seashore. To the right and to the left we see a seemingly inexhaustible expanse of sand, which we call "eternity" or "endless life." Each of us is allowed to take the pail of his physical being, scoop up a small quantity of the precious stuff and call it his "life." He may use it any way he chooses, but there is

<sup>1</sup>Sheldon Shepherd, "Now Is the Time," from *The Christian Century*, January 12, 1949. Used by permission.



By H. VICTOR KANE

Minister, First Baptist Church,  
Niagara Falls, New York

# God's time

only so much of it, and when it is gone, it cannot be replenished.

In youth we are inclined to think of our life span as a vast amount of time, but when we consider it in terms of all the good things there are to be enjoyed, the years are all too few. Oliver Holden, who wrote one of the tunes we use for the hymn, "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," is said to have complained, as he lay on his deathbed, "I have so many beautiful airs running through my head, if only I had the strength to note them down." You see, the sands of life had run their course through the hourglass of time, and there was no way to bring them back.

What is time? Does it have a concrete and tangible quality, like the sand we've been talking about, like money in the bank, or like food in the refrigerator? Time is something quite different. It has its existence chiefly in the mind. My philosophy professor in college used to say, "Time is the way we regulate and arrange our experiences."

The number of experiences we may have, either in a day or in a lifetime, is limited by certain factors over which we have little control—the hours of daylight and our physical or mental capacities, for example. We therefore have to be selective in determining what these experiences shall be.

An all-important aspect of our time-schedule is that it be kept in

balance. A balanced day is every bit as important as a balanced diet. What are the "vitamins" in using time for the total personality?

*Vitamin A—Time spent in keeping strong.* Regular and sufficient sleep; pleasant, nourishing meals.

*Vitamin B—Time spent in developing mind and ability.* Study in school and at home; work around the house or outside.

*Vitamin C—Time spent in personality improvement.* Family activities; worship and service in the church; the company of worthwhile friends; entertainment and recreation.

When one thinks of having 168 hours a week, it seems like a great deal, but don't be deceived. After you take out the activities listed as vitamins A and B, you will have only about thirty-six hours left. These are the critical hours—the time which must be kept in balance. If the complete person is to be developed, one cannot spend a major share of those thirty-six hours just watching television or in places of amusement. This time must be budgeted and balanced, too, and only YOU can do it.

## Making the Most of Time

The one thing I must keep in mind is that time must not be

wasted. The more I enjoy life, the more I must conserve its vital element, time. Benjamin Franklin said, in his quaint way: "Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that's the stuff life is made of."

## You Must Be the Master of Time

If time is essentially mental in character, not concrete and tangible, but a way of arranging life's experiences, it means that you must be time's master and not its slave. Very often, when one says, "I haven't the time," he indicates that time has got out of hand. Time is like mercury: used wisely and kept under control, the way we use mercury in a thermometer, it is very valuable and helpful, but let it be undisciplined, and it just oozes away and is lost.

The busy people have time because they are "in the driver's seat" and can say, "I will do thus and so at a given time." And we know they will keep their word. They have time because they make time through not wasting time. As in the case of the proverbial penny, a minute saved is a minute added to life.

One great help in making time your servant is to have some simple





device whereby you can keep track of it. Young people like to keep diaries of the things they *have* done. (My daughter kept one for five years—one of those that has a lock on it, so nobody else can read it!) But it is even more important to have a little book with which to regulate what we are *going* to do. As each new year begins, most busy people buy a little memo book and write down every important engagement for the days and weeks ahead. Young people should develop that habit. If it is important to have a record of the past, isn't it even more interesting to have a chart of the future? Your engagement book is the nearest you will ever come to having a crystal ball!

Guard your memo book as you do your diary. Don't let anyone or anything get into it to rob you of the important things you should do. Once you have promised your time for some worthy activity, keep your word. Learn to master time and make it your servant.

### ***You Must Use Time With Imagination***

Another interesting aspect of time is its relativity. Though there are sixty seconds in every minute, one period of time may

seem shorter or longer than another, depending on whether we enjoy or just endure the things we are doing. If we are occupied with something interesting and worth while, we say, "Time flies"; but when we are bored, we complain that "time drags."

Someone indicated this relativity of time by pointing out the difference between a minute you spend talking to your sweetheart and a minute you might spend sitting on a hot stove! In the latter case, a minute would be like eternity, but when you are with your "dream dust," it seems like a second!

The lesson to be learned here is that we must fall in love with ideas and activities which may seem to be distasteful and tiresome at first. It has been said with regard to work, "There is no love at first sight." You have to "keep company" long enough to know the values there are for your future happiness.

That is where imagination comes in. We see our studies, our home duties, our outside work, or our physical training, not just according to first impressions, but in the light of what they may mean to us later in life. Sherwood Eddy, one of our great Christian leaders, tells

of how he benefited a great deal from his association with Horace Pitkin, when both were students at Yale and looking forward to missionary service in China. Dr. Eddy writes: "I was jarred broad awake: my studies meant more, and even athletics had a new meaning. When I would box every afternoon with Pitkin, and when we would run our daily mile in the gym, we would say, 'This will carry us another mile in China.'"<sup>2</sup>

Using the present moment with imagination is like the power of a magnifying glass. It enables you to look at something which may seem unimportant at first and see hidden patterns and possibilities. A boy studies economics and instead of saying, "This stuff bores me stiff!" he asks, "I wonder how I can use this when I become a partner in my dad's business?" Imagination is the art of seeing what is in the light of what will be; it turns work into a game and study into a sport.

We must learn to look at tomorrow through the lens of today. Every experience, every acquaintance, every lesson of the present must serve the future. Each muscle strengthened, each ability acquired, each moment wisely used, can make tomorrow better. But all these factors for shaping the future depend on whether we waste time or invest it. As pearls in a necklace hang on a string or thread, so our habits and skills are all dependent on our use of time. "Do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of."

Early one spring morning, a snail started to climb a cherry tree. He was inching his way up the trunk, when a smart-aleck beetle stuck his head out of a crack in the tree and said, "Oh, I say there, neighbor, you're knocking yourself out for nothing. There aren't any cherries up there." "Don't let that worry you," replied the snail. "There will be by the time I get there!"

Tomorrow is coming, so get going! We prepare for the future by the way we use today. Make every moment count for good and for God.

## *Moments for Prayer*

**These moments in my life embody prayer:**

**The sun-swept morning of beginning day;**

**The waiting quietness that deep woods bear;**

**My gratitude when fears are swept away.**

**When I am raised to an exalted part,**

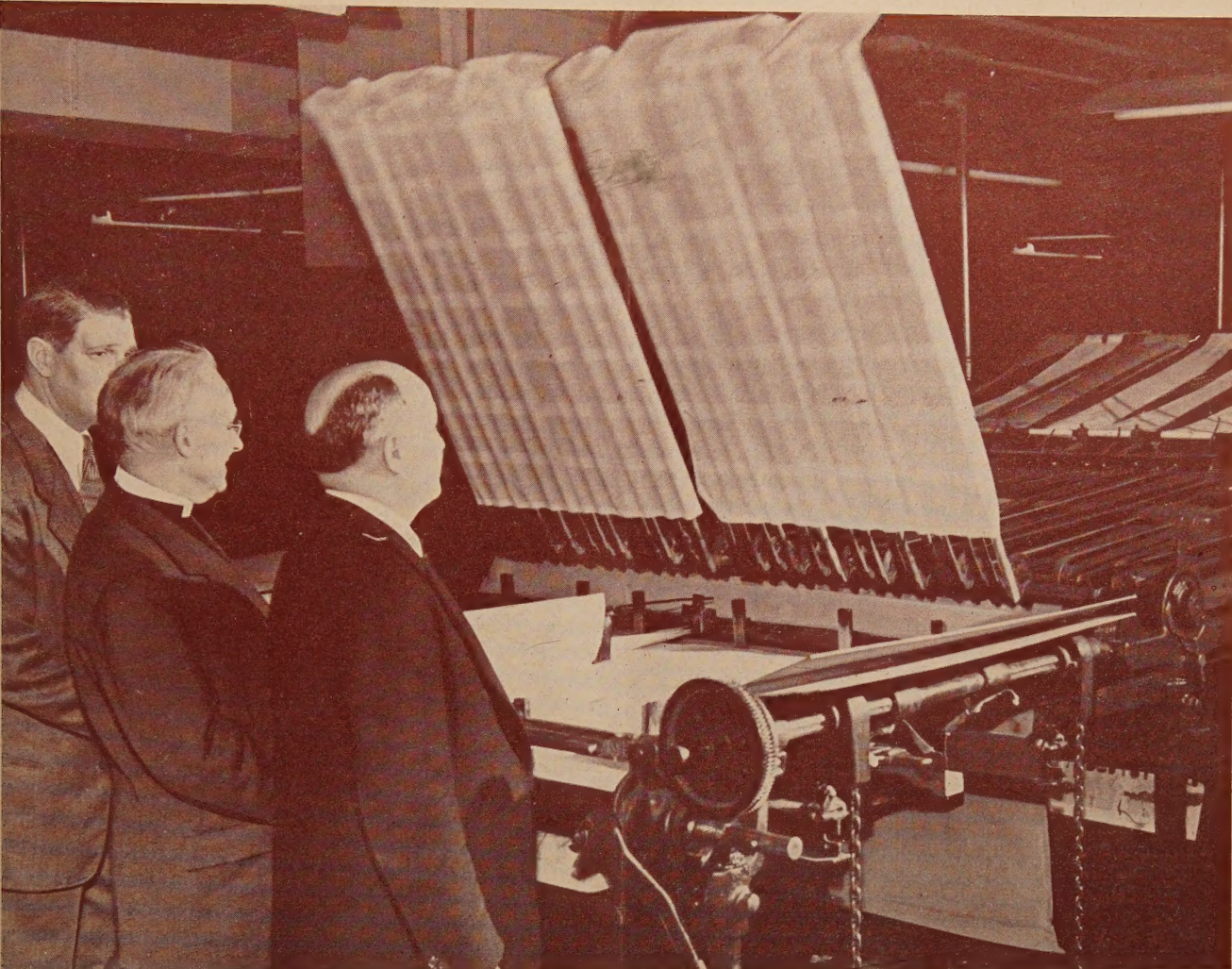
**These moments in my life embody prayer;**

**They strike the chord to lift the singing heart;**

**He needs me and I gladly answer, "Here!"**

<sup>2</sup>Sherwood Eddy, *Pathfinders of the World Missionary Crusade*, Abingdon-Cokesbury, 1950, p. 50. Used by permission.





A great moment in the history of Bible printing—the first printed pages of the Revised Standard Version of the Holy Bible are coming off the press as printing began, March 19, 1952. Happy are these onlookers as the new book takes form: Wm. R. McCulley, president of Thomas Nelson and Sons, publishers (left), Dr. Samuel McCrea Calvert, general secretary (center), and Dr. Roy G. Ross, associate general secretary of the National Council.

## TABLE TALK on BIBLE VERSIONS

### THE REVISED STANDARD VERSION MEETS NEW NEEDS

by  
*Agnes Henderson*

*Secretary, Christian Women's Fellowship,  
State of Oklahoma*

THE MORRISES laughed heartily over the humorous error in the early Japanese Bible, and Mr. Morris recalled that a similar error had crept into an early English translation, giving rise to the name "Breetches Bible."

"And I suppose errors are still made in translations," observed Dick.

"No doubt," agreed Dad. "But people have learned more about linguistics in modern times. There are special schools of linguistics

and definite plans for reducing languages to writing and producing the Scriptures for everybody."

"You mean there are still people who have no written language and no Bible?" exclaimed Lois.

"Oh, yes, many of them," Dad replied. "I believe portions of

the Scriptures are now obtainable in more than 1,100 languages or dialects, and it is estimated that there are probably nearly that many more dialects, some with only a few thousand users, which are without a written language."

"Well," sighed Buddy, "no homework for those kids!"

"That's right, of course. But neither do they have access to the richest of past ages through books and magazines," reminded Mother.

It was Dick's time to present



some interesting facts. "I was reading just the other day," he said, "at the college library, that 12,000,000 copies of the Scriptures are put out annually by the American Bible Society; that the Bible is now available not only in Braille but also in 'talking books' for the blind. Separate books of the Bible may be had in magazine form and in pictures. This article said that there are Bible Houses now in every major country of the world and that the Bible is widely read, even behind the Iron Curtain."

"Yes, indeed," Dad was quick to say. "Not all the power of atheistic communism can stamp out Christianity. The Bible meets the needs of the soul, and will survive under most adverse circumstances. That's part of God's plan."

"It is interesting to find such a demand for the Bible in Japanese," Mother added. "I'm told that 33,000 American servicemen and women have contributed to the sending of Scriptures in Japanese to the people they so recently fought."

**D**AD, WHAT do you know about this new revision of the Bible which I hear mentioned occasionally?" Dick wanted to know.

"That has just been published," said Dad. "It is a revision, really, of the old King James Version made in 1611 but with all the help of modern scholarship and of the manuscripts discovered since that time. The English language has changed a lot in nearly three and a half centuries."

"But why is it called the 'Revised Standard Version'?"

"Well, you see a revision was authorized back in the last century, and both British and American scholars worked on it. When it came out in 1885, it was called the 'English Standard Version.' But the American scholars, not completely satisfied with the wording of this new version, continued to work on. In 1901 they brought out the American Standard Version. This version has been largely used by seminaries and church school lesson writers and for general use. However, the old King James Version is still the favorite of many. Then, in 1937 a Revised Standard Version was authorized by the International Council of Religious Education."

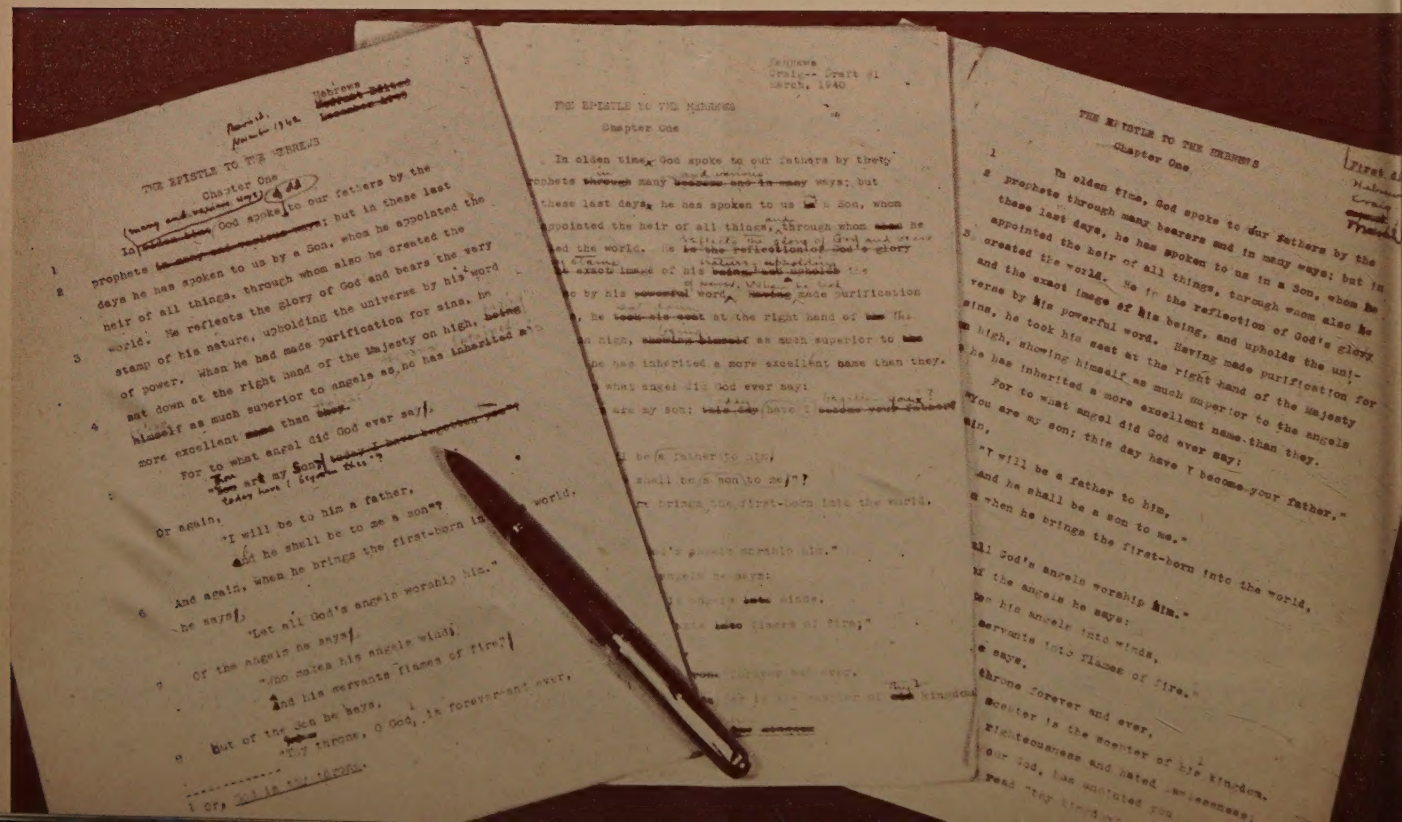
"But why 'authorized'?" asked Dick. "Haven't there been a lot of translations in recent years just as good as this new one?"

"Maybe," conceded Dad. "But an authorized version is sponsored by an important individual, like King James of England, or by a group of persons, like the International Council of Religious Education. It is the work of many scholars, not just of one translator. We have had a great many recent translations—some very good. Most of them have been translations of the New Testament only, like Goodspeed's or the Twentieth Century New Testament, or like Miss Montgomery's translation. Dr. Moffatt translated the whole Bible. Some of these scholars helped in this recent revision."

"Who did you say authorized it?" Lois asked.

"The International Council of Religious Education, in behalf of the forty Protestant bodies it represents. The Council appointed thirty-two of the best biblical scholars in the United States and Canada,

These sample pages show the steps in the process of revision. At right is a scholar's initial draft, which was retyped and distributed to the committee for this particular section. The center page shows the changes they suggested. This second draft was mimeographed and distributed to the entire committee and to other interested persons. After their suggestions were discussed and voted upon, the secretary wrote the changes on the mimeographed draft (page at left). After careful editing, it then went to the typesetters.





How do I know the hill's too steep,

The road, too rough and long?

How do I know I cannot keep

Within my heart a song?

How do I know I cannot find

Someone to cheer and guide,

And give God's message to mankind,

Until I've really tried?

### ANNIS RIDINGS

deeply. She flashed him a smile and said, "Let's have it, please."

"Well, I feel deeply honored," he said slowly and with feeling. "The churches of this community will have five copies of the complete Bible in three volumes to present to five citizens ('distinguished citizens,' Dr. Wallace said) and I am to be one of them."

"Great!" "Fine!" "Splendid!" "How come?" came from Dick, Lois, Mother and Buddy, respectively and simultaneously.

Dad went on, "It is in recognition of the work we are doing with Week Day Religious Education in the public schools. Dr. Wallace pointed out that we started the project soon after I became Superintendent of Schools and that we have kept it going with increasing efficiency, even though some other communities have discontinued the plan or changed it radically. He was kind enough to give me credit for the success, though of course we all know it is the churches and the church people of the community who deserve the credit. He said I would be representing the churches in accepting this honor, because I have always given the project every encouragement."

"And so you have, Dear," Mother said quietly, "and we are all very proud of you."

"When will the presentation be made?" Lois wanted to know.

"Tuesday, September 23, at the City Auditorium. There will be local church rallies on Sunday, the twenty-eighth, with special youth services in the evening. Tuesday will be community day and there will be other activities climaxing with World-Wide Community Sunday, on October twenty-fifth."

"Yes, that's what this leaflet says," said Dick. "There will be radio and television programs, as well as newspaper and magazine articles."

"Truly a great occasion," Mother commented thoughtfully.

"I'm sure glad we learned all about Bible translations," said Lois. "Now we'll know what's going on."

"Especially with Dad's gift copy," added Dick.

and they have been working on it since 1937. They finished the new Testament in 1946." Dad paused a moment, thoughtfully, and then added, "Buddy, bring me that black New Testament off my desk and the King James Bible from the corner cupboard, and let's see just why new revisions are necessary occasionally."

A busy quarter hour was spent, under Dad's guidance, comparing the King James Version and the Revised Standard Version of the New Testament. First they found "the love chapter" (1 Corinthians 13) was not "love" but "charity" in the older version. In Mark 6:25 the King James version mentions a "charger," and none of them knew what it meant until they read the translation "platter" in the newer version. In Matthew 19:14 the "suffer" of 1611 becomes "let" (or allow) in the new translation. The word "prevent" as used in 1 Thessalonians 4:15 makes sense in the new translation, where it is rendered "precede." The children were fascinated, and resolved to continue the investigation at a later date.

**BUT JUST WHAT** is happening next week that is worthy of a celebration in connection with the new version?" Dick wanted to know.

Dad referred him to some leaflets, also on his desk, where he could find further information. Then he explained: "You see the Old Testament is also finished now, and the whole Bible is coming off the press—nearly a million copies of it. And it is this event that churches all over the United States and Canada are planning to celebrate."

"Goodness me!" cried Dick, leaflets in hand, "what a tremendous undertaking! It says here: 'This is the biggest book-publishing project in history. The first printing of almost 1,000,000 volumes is using more than 1,000 tons of paper, 2,000 gallons of ink, 10 tons of type metal, 18,750,000 yards of thread, 20,000,000 square inches of gold leaf for lettering the covers! Stacked in one pile, the Bibles would tower twenty-four miles into the stratosphere! Can you imagine that!'"

"Stratospheric, I'd say," said Mr. Morris.

**JUST THEN** the telephone rang and Lois answered it. "It's for you, Dad," she called. The telephone conversation did not interrupt the family's examination of the leaflets, and they continued to ejaculate over what they found. But they became aware, from Mr. Morris' occasional responses that he was getting some sort of surprise. When he returned to the group, his expression was a peculiar mixture of joy and humility, and they waited with anticipation for him to speak.

"That was Dr. Wallace, president of the Ministerial Alliance," he said. "Peculiarly enough, it was about the very thing we have been discussing—the celebration of the new version of the Bible."

"What about it?" Buddy asked.

"Want you to make a speech?" Lois inquired, admiringly.

But Mother knew something had touched Dad



# Dream House

The heart of this salesman

was as good as the

good earth he was selling.

And he had two eager buyers

until . . . Well,

did you ever buy dreams?

**M**YRA CALDWELL knew the moment she caught sight of the shabby cottage perched on the hilltop that her search had ended. Bob, her husband, sitting beside her in the back seat of Mr. Ainsley's car, heard the little sigh escape her lips and turned to follow her gaze up the gentle slope of lawn to the gallant little house just visible from the road. Simultaneously they leaned forward and tapped the real estate agent on the shoulder.



ILLUSTRATION BY HARRY TIMMINS

"Wish you would forget about this place. If I was you, I wouldn't bother with it a-tall."

"There's a 'For Sale' sign," said Myra, pointing. "Let's have a look at this place."

Frank Ainsley reluctantly stopped the car and turned to face his clients. Disapproval was blended with anxiety on his usually stolid countenance, and for a moment the noncommittal attitude he had maintained throughout the afternoon gave way to a deep concern.

"You folks don't want to look at this here place," he told them flatly. "It's all run down. Outside plumbing, leaky roof. 'Tisn't worth getting out of the car."

"Look, Mr. Ainsley," said Bob

Caldwell, "we live in a cubbyhole in the city with two small children all winter long. We want room to spread out during the summer and take a few deep breaths. This is the first place we've seen today that wasn't wedged in between two other cottages with almost identical layouts. It may not be right on the lake front or as streamlined as some of the others, but from here it looks good to us."

Myra was already turning the handle of the car door and in a moment she had jumped out and started walking through the tall grass. Bob promptly joined her and hand in hand they proceeded



to climb the hill toward the house while the agent searched gloomily in his little tin box for the right key.

"Old Stony Face is plenty worried," said Bob, jerking his head toward Mr. Ainsley. "Wonder why Benson at the office thought this fellow was such a great character—just the person we needed to show us around up here. If you ask me, he's got just one thing on his mind, and that's selling a house that will net him a fat commission."

"Well," Myra pointed out, "being a native of these parts, he does know the lake region, and the history of all these places." She walked along quietly for a few moments, and then added, "Besides, did you notice his eyes? I think he's really nice down underneath. If he doesn't want to sell us this place, there must be some reason."

Bob snorted.

"There's a reason, all right," he assured her, "and it's all worked out in dollars and cents."

**MYRA SQUEEZED** her husband's hand warningly as the large, sandy-haired agent lumbered up beside them. Suddenly she broke away from the two men and ran on ahead to the crest of the hill. There she stood, gazing over to the west with a hand shading her eyes.

"Bob, will you look at this view!" she breathed ecstatically. "The lake in plain sight—and that huge old tree just made for Jill's swing." She turned to glance at the house. "The porch goes clear around. Oh, honestly, this is like a dream come true."

Bob's eyes were twinkling, but there was a hint of suppressed excitement in his voice.

"I suppose it would be considered strange if we signed the papers without just glancing inside the house first," he suggested humorously.

Myra giggled.

"I know, I do get carried away," she admitted. "But, Darling, if the house turns out to have dirt floors and cobwebs for ceilings, or if it has full-fledged ghosts for permanent residents in every room, I still want it."

Bob chuckled and pulled her by the hand up to the dilapidated front steps.

"Now, Mr. Ainsley," he said, ceremoniously, "will you do the honors?"

The agent stood on the porch between his clients and the front door of the house, looking down at the key which he held in his thick fingers. When he glanced up, Myra was startled by the misery in his eyes.

"Wish you folks would just forget about this place," he said, shifting his weight from one foot to the other awkwardly. "If I was you, I wouldn't bother with it a-tall."

Myra was studying his face intently, trying to fathom the reason behind his reluctance. Bob, however, was becoming irritated.

"We would like to see this property," he said, evenly, looking the agent in the eye. "No doubt you would rather sell us something more remunerative from your own point of view, but we have rather definite opinions about what we would like. Now, do we see it, or don't we?"

Frank Ainsley set his jaw stubbornly and pushed his hands deep inside the pockets of his trousers.

"I been thinking," he said, staring at the porch floor, "I got just the place for you people. It's down the lake a little ways. Right on the water, all the conveniences, and slick as a whistle."

"That's fine," said Bob. "I'm sure someone will be happy to buy such a little gem from you. But those slick jobs are not for the Caldwell family. We want something pleasantly run down, with an acre or so of land and a view that rests our eyes. In short—this." He took a step toward the big man. "Of course," he added, "if you would rather have us take the matter up directly with the owner . . ."



Mr. Ainsley let his breath out in a gusty sigh of defeat. Turning, he walked over to the front door and unlocked it. Then he stood aside for Myra and Bob to enter.

**MYRA PAUSED** on the threshold to glance eagerly around the living room. After a moment she crossed the floor swiftly and bent over a picture which stood on a square oak table.

"Look, people have really lived here!" she exclaimed, delightedly.

"She was expecting to move in with a family of plump little ghosts," Bob explained solemnly to Mr. Ainsley.

Myra held the picture out for the men to see.

"It's a family, a real one. A man and his wife—both very young—and their little girl." Then, as her husband smiled at the excitement in her voice, she insisted, "You know what I mean, Bob. Those other houses looked so bare and un-lived in. It's sort of nice to find these people here. Do you know them, Mr. Ainsley?"

The agent nodded, his eyes following Bob, who was wandering off on a tour of his own.

"Why should such a nice couple ever want to part with a place like this?" asked Myra, gently replacing the picture.

The agent cleared his throat.

"Same reason a lot of people have to sell houses. Ran into bad luck. Jim Parker, that's the husband, inherited this place from his father. Last summer he got an infection in the blood stream and he's been laid up all year. He's just now getting on his feet again. He figures a summer home is too much of a luxury for a fellow who has no job. Says he needs the money from the sale to tide them over till he can find an accountant's position—like he was trained for."

It was the longest speech the man had made all afternoon, and Myra listened attentively.

"But if he's been sick, won't he need to get away from the city for week ends and holidays?"

"That's what the doctor told him. Said he should come out here and rest every chance he got."



"How long ago did they decide to sell?" Myra asked him.

"Came up here this morning and put the place in my hands," Mr. Ainsley replied briefly.

"How that must have hurt!" murmured Myra.

Bob was already investigating in the kitchen.

"Hey, look at this," he called out to them cheerfully. "There's a cookbook on the stove open to Italian spaghetti. That must have been their last meal here."

His wife walked to the kitchen and looked over his shoulder at the book. Somehow this intimate bit of knowledge made her feel strangely close to the Parkers.

"Say, I bet I could remodel this kitchen myself," Bob was declaring very enthusiastically. "Always wanted to try my hand at a little plumbing and carpentry work."

Myra smiled at him absently.

Frank Ainsley was walking restlessly about. Twice he had pulled out a large gold watch and nervously consulted it.

"Come on," said Bob, taking his wife's arm. "Let's go upstairs and look at the bedrooms."

Mr. Ainsley watched them start up the stairs without making a move to follow them.

"Those stairs are in bad shape," he remarked, raising his voice. "Cost you a lot of money to get this house in any condition so it's comfortable to live in."

Bob winked at Myra.

"Sir, you underestimate me," he called down. "I intend to do most of the work around here myself."

There was no reply.

WHEN THEY HAD walked through the three bedrooms, bounced experimentally on the beds to test the springs, and pulled out numerous dresser drawers, Bob strolled over to a window and stood feasting his eyes on the restful scene below.

"If the furniture goes with the house and the price is as low as I think it is, I'm ready to settle the deal," he announced without turning.

Myra was rocking herself in a funny little chair.

"Mr. Ainsley would be a very unhappy man," she mused softly.

Bob looked at her sharply.

"Hey, you're not going to let Mr. Skinflint scare you out, are you?" he demanded. "He just had us figured for more of a profit, that's all."

Myra was shaking her head slowly. She went over to stand next to her husband, gazing down into the large yard.

"It's something else," she insisted in a troubled voice. After a moment she touched his arm. "Look," she said, pointing through the window, "the hooks on those two trees are for a hammock. Think of the fresh air and sunshine you could soak up lying out there. Especially if you'd been sick."

Bob was bewildered.

"Who's been sick?"

"And over there is the beginning of a doll's house! He must have started it for their little girl."

"Swell," said Bob heartily. "I'll finish it for Jill."

"Wait a minute," said Myra suddenly. "I want to ask Mr. Ainsley something."

She ran out of the room and down the creaking stairs. The living room was empty, but she could see the large, awkward figure of the real estate agent leaning precariously against the porch railing. He glanced at her warily as she appeared in the doorway.

"This Jim Parker," she began, hurriedly, "what did you say was his line of work?"

"Accountant," replied the man, staring at her.

Myra nodded. "That's what I thought. Is he good?"

"Yep. His firm, Staley and Sons, held his job open for him as long as they possibly could."

Myra nodded again. "Thanks," she murmured, and went back into the house.

BOB HAD ALREADY come downstairs and was examining the oil heater in the living room.

"Bob, when is it that Buckley plans to leave?"

"Next month," said Bob, frowning inquiringly.

"Does your office have someone to take his place?"

"No. The opening came so suddenly nobody on the outside knows about it yet."

"I was thinking . . . there's a young fellow who needs that job desperately. He's been sick and has a lot of bills to pay. He worked for Staley and Sons, and they liked him. What would his chances be?"

"Well," said her husband, "anybody with good references, who survives an interview with the boss before someone beats him to it . . . Might I ask the gentleman's name, or is he to remain a mythical character?"

Myra walked over to the table and pointed to the young man in the picture.

"Jim Parker," she said quietly, as though she were introducing them.

Bob straightened quickly.

"Hey," he protested, "what are you up to with all this talk?"

Myra took his hand and pulled him down on the old couch beside her.

"Darling," she said gently, "it's no use. I guess there are some kinds of ghosts I can't live with after all. The ghosts of other people's hopes and plans and dreams."

"But you were so crazy about the place," her husband said dazedly. "I thought it was just what you wanted."

Myra turned to look at him.

"I love it," she said simply. "It's everything I ever hoped to find. But if we love it so much after half an hour, think how they must feel after the years they've had here."

"It's crazy," he groaned, shaking his head. "You find the house

(Continued on page 44.)



"Once and for all, Pop, am I an elephant, a pachyderm, or a GOP?"





A Navajo's home is his hogan. Built of mud, sticks and logs, it is a substantial abode. This one is at Bigham Dam, Arizona.

*In a simple, factual account of everyday happenings, Hearthstone's missionary-reporter, writing from the Rainbow Baptist Mission at Keams Canyon, Arizona, acquaints us with a quiet domestic scene amidst this once fearsome tribe of the Southwest*

# family life among the Navajo

**By EARL R. ROBERTSON**

SCHOOL WAS OUT at Keams Canyon, and all the fathers and mothers and grandparents were down for the closing-day picnic and to gather their children to take them to their hogans for the summer months.

A happy crowd gathered at the mission where the mothers had been busy sewing long flowing skirts for their daughters who were going back home for the vacation time. They just couldn't have their daughters disgraced by wearing ordinary clothing when at home. While in the government school they had to wear clothes like white children do, but now they would dress as they really should, with their many petticoats and long flowing skirts made of pretty colored cloth.

Bob Yazzie was among the group of boys who were going home for the summer. He had attended the government school for five years now and was a very smart boy. He had learned a great many Bible stories at the Baptist mission at Keams Canyon and this year he had accepted Jesus at his Savior and had been baptized. He knew very well what he was expecting to do this summer. Early in the morning he would start out with his mother's sheep (mothers always own the sheep among the Navajo people); then all day long he would herd these sheep over the hills and valleys and return home at nightfall for a good dinner.

As afternoon wore on, the wagons took off from the canyon, taking the Yazzie family and others to their homes. After a long long ride over rough wagon trails, Bobby saw their hogan in the distance. He was very happy to see it, too, because in there were a lot of his hidden treasures. One part of the room was entirely his, and he could keep his own things there. Then at night he would lie down on his sheepskin bed and look up at the stars through the hole in the center of the roof of the hogan.

When they finally arrived home they unloaded the wagon and soon they had a good fire started, out by the summer shelter. They put good mutton into a large pot of cold water when the wood had burned down to glowing hot coals. This they cooked till it was just ready to eat. It only took forty minutes by the clock, but since the Navajos have no clock, they just knew when it was ready to eat.

While this was going on, older sister pulled some hot coals out of the campfire and put a homemade grate over them and started baking bread. This was made of flour, water, and baking powder mixed up



The Baptist Church, Keams Canyon, Arizona. Below is a Christian family. (All pictures were supplied by the author.) The Navajo's poverty roused our country's consternation and in 1950 resulted in the Navajo-Hopi Rehabilitation bill, appropriating funds to improve their economic condition and their educational and health facilities.



and flattened out by patting it from one hand to the other. In just a little while the bread was ready and the coffee was made. The family sat around the big pot of mutton and dipped their pieces of bread into the stew. They ate very slowly and visited while they ate.

Supper past, the family sat around the fire and visited for a while. Each one talked in turn and no one interrupted while another was talking. This would be unpardonable among the Navajo people. After a while Bobby was asked to tell some things he had learned. He decided to tell them Jesus' stories. It just seemed that they never got tired of hearing of Jesus because they all think a lot of Him. After telling them several of the stories about Jesus, Bobby was very happy and he told them how when he accepted Jesus he quit wanting to do bad things like lying, stealing and cheating.

After he had gone to bed that night Bobby thought for a long time. He felt good inside because he had told his family about Jesus and they had been glad to hear. He kept thinking how someday all of them would come to the mission and accept Jesus and be baptized. Then he knew that they would have "happy insides" too.

With these thoughts sleep came, and before many hours morning was there. The sun was shining right into the door of the hogan, because all good hogans

have their door to the east, to face the rising sun. They didn't have to dress because they slept in all their clothing except their shoes. They threw a little water in their faces and pushed back their hair and were ready for the day. Bobby used the comb and toothbrush he had gotten from the mission before he came home. He was always thankful for the people from the outside world who sent in such things to help him keep clean and neat.

After breakfast Bobby and his younger brother started out to look after the sheep. They owned a large flock and had much ground to cover. He was happy to go because he could visit with the clouds, the birds and the trees and be with his own blood brother. It was good to be home. He knew he would miss the school and mission but then he would soon be back again. It seemed that everything was richer and more beautiful because he really knew Jesus now. He didn't have to guess or be afraid any more and he could help his people too.

**A Navajo family. The man is a silversmith. The principal occupations of the Navajo are sheep-raising, making of rugs and jewelry**







Mothers, why not store away  
Ideas for a rainy day?  
Here's one children all adore—  
It's "Let's play grocery store!"

# What can we do today?

"What shall we do today?" asked Tommy and Noreen. They had been playing in their sandpile but it started to rain. They had to come inside.

"Well," said Mother, "how would you like to go to the grocery store?"

"The grocery store! Oh, goody, goody!" Noreen clapped her hands and jumped up and down.

"But it's raining. We can't go now," said Tommy.

"How would you like to go to the grocery store—*your* grocery store—right here in the play room?" asked Mother.

"Oh, we'd like that," they said.

So Mother went to the basement and brought up two orange crates. She went to the closet and got a long table-leaf. The children helped her put the table-leaf across the tops of the crates to make a counter. They used the orange crates for shelves to store the food. Then they went to the kitchen to collect the things to sell in their grocery store.

Tommy found six boxes of jello, a box of oatmeal, a box of spaghetti, and four packages of chocolate pudding.

Noreen got two boxes of raisins, some crackers and cheese, and many cans of fruit and vegetables. She had so many things she had to go back to the kitchen several times to get them all.

Mother brought a bunch of nice carrots, some oranges and lemons and apples, and some potatoes. She brought a stack of brown paper bags and a little scale to weigh food.

The children arranged everything on the shelves. Then they needed some money. So Noreen

cut out some paper money from cardboard. Tommy put some of the money in neat piles in a box for the storekeeper. He put some in a purse for the lady who buys the food. Then they were ready for business.

"I'll be the storekeeper," said Noreen.

"I'll be the customer," said Tommy.

Tommy came to the counter. "Good morning," he said, "I've come to buy some food for lunch."

"What will it be for you, Sir?" asked Noreen just like she had heard Mr. Hawrani say to Mother.

"Well, I have my list here," said Tommy and he ordered two boxes of jello, a box of raisins, and two cans of peas.

"We have nice fresh carrots," answered Noreen. "And these

are new fall apples."

"I'd like three pounds of apples," said Tommy. So Noreen weighed the apples and put them in a little sack. She put all the things in a big brown sack.

Tommy paid some money for his food and said, "Goodbye."

Noreen said, "Thank you, call again," in a very polite way.

Then Tommy played milkman. He borrowed some empty bottles from Mother and hauled them in his wagon to the grocery store. After that he played breadman and delivered fresh bread and rolls to the grocery store.

Then Tommy was the storekeeper and Noreen was the customer.

Maybe when you say, "What can I do today, Mother?" your mother will let you play grocery store.

## FUN CHILDREN CAN BE

Dr. Mercy Baker, symbol of virtue and love to her small niece, was astonished one day to hear Alice's original version of her morning Bible verse, as follows: "Surely goodness and Aunt Mercy shall follow me all the days of my life and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

Sandra, 4 years old, asked the nurse, "What is today?" The nurse gave her the date and name of day. Then Sandra said, "Is today tomorrow?"

Mary, 3 years old, had been going to church school. She learned that God had made the trees, the wind, the rain and everything.

Later that day, there was a dreadful storm. She asked her mother what caused it. Her mother said, "Oh, God was angry." Soon Mary went to her room and quietly remained there. Her mother, sensing something was wrong, went in to ask, "What's the matter?" She said excitedly, "There's a limb broken from our tree, and it wasn't I who broke God's tree."

A nurse asked a 4-year-old patient if she couldn't be more quiet, "because, you know, there are other patients on the floor."

Sally, who knew all the patients had to be in bed, looked at the nurse, then said, "What are *they* doing on the floor?"





Randy may not enjoy being a latecomer at church school. He may even try to fix the family clock. But there's nothing he can do to alter his family's attitude in the matter.

# Cause FOR Alarm

By FRANCES DUNLAP HERON\*

*In a time-and schedule-conscious age, with its  
clocks that never need winding, the habitual  
latecomer should feel as out of date as a man  
with an hourglass instead of a wrist watch.  
And what price tardiness, especially in a  
church school class! Is there a cure?*

**M**RS. HOLMES, junior superintendent, has her pupils in that proper worshipful attitude every superintendent reads about and dreams of. This morning she has tried especially hard to follow the suggestions in the leader's manual. She has explained the background of the opening hymn. She has led the children in reading a psalm antiphonally, as the ancient Hebrews did. She has told the story of a boy of Abraham's time who found God. The boys and girls have caught the mood, and she feels their emotional reaction knitting them into a group.

"Now," suggests Mrs. Holmes, "shall we, too, like Nahor, listen quietly to what God has to say to each of us today?"

Heads bow—silence settles—bam!

Randy Knox, late again, trying to sneak in unobtrusively, collides with a chair.

Squeaks, giggles, shuffles. The worship peak collapses. The moment for which Mrs. Holmes has planned and has worked so hard vanishes in sudden defeat.

All because Randy Knox's parents didn't get him up in time! Of course, as Mrs. Knox points out, Sunday is such a bad morning at their house. There's so much to do—fix breakfast—start dinner—and they're usually out late on Saturday night and Mr. Knox needs his sleep on Sunday morning. It's the only morning he has. And Randy is one of those children that you have to keep after—

These excuses fall particularly flat on Mrs. Holmes' tired ears. She fed her family, dressed three small children, and got over to church at nine o'clock!

**E**VERY church school leader has met a similar situation. Almost every church school class has a Randy Knox. Unfortunately, some departments and some classes have three or four of them. And there is hardly a family anywhere who has a perfect record of punctuality.

\*Mrs. Heron has three children in college and one in the eighth grade. A graduate of the University of Missouri School of Journalism, she was formerly editor of "Front Rank." She is a book reviewer for the "Chicago Sunday Tribune Magazine of Books" and, since 1944, home editor of the "Christian Advocate."



Much is being said and written these days about home and church cooperating in the religious education of children. New lesson materials are geared to that end. On most matters it is a fifty-fifty proposition. But on this business of getting to church school on time, the responsibility rests one hundred per cent with the home. Maybe we should say ninety-eight and a half per cent, the exception being that superintendent or that teacher who is himself habitually late and who therefore encourages tardiness by his own example. Let any such leader drop his head in humiliation, move up his alarm clock, and never be late again.

The very first point at which parents can cooperate with their church school is to see that their children are there every Sunday—on time! That should become as much of a habit as the rest of our scheduled lives. Yet a mother who would not think of letting her child be late at public school and a father who never fails to catch the seven-forty train to his office may grow unconcernedly lax on Sunday mornings.

It is not that they are not interested in their child's religious education. Usually it is because they simply do not understand what their negligence is doing to their child, to other pupils, and to the teacher.

The case of Mrs. Holmes is an apt illustration of how a late comer may interrupt worship. Randy not only disrupted his superintendent's plans; he robbed each of his fellow pupils of their rightful experience of prayer. Even when the group is only singing or engaging in informal conversation or watching a member contribute his birthday offering, the late arrival breaks the continuity. Randy's best friend must signal him, a chair has to be moved, a hymnal falls, and Randy suddenly remembers he forgot to leave his offering envelope at the secretary's table. When order is restored, the leader must explain again what the group was about to do.

An already too short period is further shortened. The leader, being only human, may fail to conceal irritation, and with unerring intuition the pupils sense it. Something lovely goes out the window.

If the class period precedes assembly, then it is the individual teacher and class who suffer. A discussion is interrupted, a project delayed, and discipline has to be re-established.

**NOW LET US** look at tardiness from the offender's angle. First of all, he loses by missing a vital part of the church school program. It is like getting a piece of cake without any icing. It is the early arrival who gets to do the interesting things—help the teacher lay out materials, arrange the worship center, set up the picture screen—activity that develops happy acceptance of church responsibility.

The second consideration is the latecomer's own feeling. He may put on a show of being noisy or indifferent,

simply to cover up his inferiority feeling at being different (the others are on time; he is late). Or he may slide in so painfully chagrined that his embarrassment is evident to all. Either way, he is conscious of the disapproval of the teacher and other pupils. The resulting tension curbs his complete participation in the day's activities.

If he is one of those children who truly "don't care," the being late habit simply entrenches him further in an undesirable pattern.

In the third place, the child's future attitude toward church and church attendance may be at stake. If church school is not important enough for his family to get there on time, it must not be of much value. If his enjoyment of the group experience is marred by his being late, he may reach the point where he does not care whether he goes or not. He may very well mature into an indifferent churchman.

Any way we look at it, tardiness tends to affect character development adversely. Often it grows into a habit that becomes worse with the years. Every adult class, every missionary society, every garden club includes in its number a family about whom the refrain echoes, "We're waiting for the Blanks—they're always late." Fifteen minutes lost by twenty persons waiting for one delinquent become five hours! To say it is selfish and un-Christian to be an habitual waster of other people's time may sound sharp, but isn't it true?

Now of course there are times when every household runs into an emergency. A sudden upset stomach, an unannounced visitor from afar, or a flat tire provides *almost* a good excuse for being five minutes late once in a long while. But such exceptions should be so rare that when they do occur, even the youngest

Your ideal? But even if you can't attend in a group, you can try to understand why promptness matters.





member of the family feels the unusualness and the accompanying distress of not quite making the grade. Thank goodness, once in a while it is one of these youngest members who gets so perturbed over being late that he changes the whole family pattern on Sunday mornings.

What can a family do to create within the household a Christian atmosphere to permeate all of living, so that church activities take their rightful place in the life of each member and so that the children grow up feeling that the church is a vital and natural part of their lives?

**J**UST HOW can a family establish a satisfactory Sunday schedule? Let us go back to the hypothetical case of Randy Knox. How could we answer Mrs. Knox's alibis—and they sound awfully familiar, don't they? Let us say:

First, Mrs. Knox, make up your mind that you're going to get Randy to church school on time. Say

it—mean it! Put yourself in the superintendent's or teacher's place. Remember that in a well-planned church school, every minute is important. Every part of the program leads into the next. If Randy misses one part, you are not getting your money's worth out of the church!

Get ready ahead of time. That means that you will give Randy a special corner in the desk or dresser or a shelf in his room for his church school lesson books, Bible, and offering envelope. They are to be put there the moment he returns on Sundays and after each use during the week. That should be a law, like brushing teeth and washing hands. Then Randy will always be able to pick them up instantly on Sunday morning. (Many a tardiness can be traced to a frantic last-minute rush to find "that piece of paper the teacher gave me last Sunday.")

Start building interest during the week by checking Randy's lesson assignments with him. You will better understand what the teacher is trying to do and why your part is essential. If Randy does have something to learn or do, help him get it out of the way.

On Saturday evening, see that Randy lays out his church school clothes, has a pair of socks that match, and the right change to go into his offering envelope. Cut out late Saturday evening movies and other diversions that keep him up too late. In fact, watch your own Saturday night social affairs. If staying out with your friends until one o'clock is making you too sleepy to rise on Sunday morning, resolve to come home earlier. Of course, social life is important; but Randy's spiritual welfare is more important.

Set your alarm for the hour that allows you ample leeway to land Randy at church school, not merely on time, but ten minutes ahead of time! There could be no better "cause" for alarm.

When the alarm goes off, get up. Give Randy a couple of warning calls to wake him gradually—unless he is one of those instant waker-uppers. The smell of bacon and pancakes may serve as a stimulus. It is rather nice to have a Sunday morning breakfast custom—something different from weekday mornings. On the other hand, if a corner has to be cut somewhere, a light breakfast of cocoa and prepared cereal will suffice.

See that Papa gets up too! Even if it is the only morning he has at home—it is also the only morning when the whole family can breakfast together, and go to church together.

For you see, the surest way of getting Randy to church school regularly and on time is for you and Papa to go, too!

Leave the beds and the dishes undone if necessary. Plan a simple—though appetizing—dinner.

Proceed pleasantly and unhurriedly to church. At the door of Randy's department, pause long enough to say good morning to Mrs. Holmes in a tone that tells her, "I appreciate what you're doing for my child. Here he is—physically and mentally prepared—on time!"

## TEACH BROTHER TO BE

## A LITTLE GENTLEMAN!

**I**T IS IMPORTANT that youngsters are taught good manners from the time they are toddlers because, if they are, their well-mannered behavior will be as natural to them as breathing. Boys, in particular, should be taught to give their chairs to their mothers, or grandmothers, instead of keeping them and letting the older people take less comfortable ones. If they wear hats or caps they should learn to remove them

the minute they enter a home or church, and when talking to ladies. When boys are little, they will feel quite grown-up doing this, and it will be a natural way for them to act as they grow older.



Little boys can easily be taught to pull out chairs for mother, grandmother and little sister, and to wait until the "ladies" are seated before they seat themselves. Even rough, freckle-faced little boys seem to get real pleasure from doing these courteous things IF they are trained to do them as a part of their routine living. They see that their fathers and older brothers are courteous and thus feel very important duplicating their acts.

—LOUISE PRICE BELL



The "food that becomes you"—and your child—consists of more than body-builders. In the non-physical menus parents prepare for their children, what are the basic essentials? What are the recipes for . . .

# Food TO Nurture YOUR CHILD'S



The joy of craftsmanship, the urge to create, a sense of achievement—all these may come from proper nurture in the home. Whatever the field of endeavor, parents should begin by providing a few simple materials and by working with their child. Soon the child will proceed on his own.

# Mind and Spirit

By ORPHA B. KUTNOW

*Instructor in English Language  
and Literature, Eastern Baptist  
Theological Seminary, Philadelphia.*



AN OLD BEEKEEPER, known for the choice queen bees he shipped to apiaries throughout the Middle West, was asked about the source of these bees. "Where do I find my queens?" he echoed. "I don't find them; the bees make them." Amazed by the look of incredulous amazement on the face of his questioner, he went on, "It's really quite simple. In every hive there are young, growing larvae destined to become either workers or queens, and the bees themselves select the larvae which are to be queens. These they feed with a 'royal jelly' from their own bodies, which causes them to take on the characteristics of queens. Thus, you see, queens are literally made, not born."

Our children, too, become what they are fed. As Christian parents, it is our responsibility and privilege to nurture them with the royal food of the Spirit, knowing surely that the end product will be Christian royalty.

In all our teaching, we must be ever aware that it is not the things we can buy for our children, nor what we can do for them with our hands that will lead them into the Christian way of life. It is, instead, our own consistent, sincere living of that



You want me to join the Senior League?  
Though I'm actually seventy-five,  
I've little in common with those old folk.  
Why some seem hardly alive!

They meet to gossip and play at cards,  
And talk about their clothes,  
And air their petty grievances,  
And even discuss their beaux.

I've a house to clean and meals to get  
And a dickey-bird to feed.  
I must sweep the flower petals from the walks  
And plant some sweet-pea seed.

I've books to read and a piano to play,  
And friends and neighbors kind;  
And church to attend where I hear God's word  
Preached to an open mind.

A missionary is due to dock  
In the city across the bay;  
I'll drive my car to meet her there  
And bring her home to stay.

No league for me; I'll live my life  
In an individual way,  
• As long as health and God permit;  
Then let there come what may.

BESSIE GLADDING

way of life within the sphere of their observation. To our children we represent the highest and best values of life. They come to understand something of God because we, in a human sense, represent God to them.

*The heart of Christian instruction in the home is the family altar.* It is not a place but a daily experience of worship and fellowship, in which each member of the group participates and all become firmly knit into a oneness of spirit and motivation. The method of conducting the worship period may differ according to the needs and the understanding of the group, but always it is planned to include everyone, even the youngest child. For here little children learn to pray; here confessions of penitence and faith are heard; here ascend the offerings of thankful hearts.

Here the Bible unfolds a vast panorama of human experience and character, and opens to the child a storehouse of great literature—drama, poetry, allegory, biography,

the epic, short stories and history. Even more important, the Bible holds the supreme revelation of God in the person of Jesus Christ. The Savior is revealed as a loving personal friend whose fellowship is a precious, daily experience. The majestic English of the Bible is reflected in the child's own speech as beloved portions are woven into his memory. The simple clarity and vigor of the Revised Standard Version enlighten his understanding. It is at the family altar that the child learns to love the hymns of his parents' faith; there, the best and highest that have been expressed by those who have recorded their love for God, enrich his experience. *Parents who faithfully open the Word of God to their children are fulfilling the instructions of the Scripture.*

*Music should be an integral part of every home,* for all through life music satisfies a deep, fundamental need. A month-old baby responds to his mother's crooning; a child of a year reacts vigorously to rhythmic tunes. A record player,

sturdy enough for the two-year-old to operate, should be standard nursery equipment. Children's records today are inexpensive, unbreakable, and easily available, containing a wealth of material that will give increasing delight. Sing with your child; he will appreciate your effort more than that of a highly trained artist. Good taste in music, as in art, can be consciously cultivated in children, but don't expect them to acquire an immediate taste for Brahms. No child should be forced to take music lessons unless he really desires them. Your encouragement and expressions of approval at his progress, and your frequent interested attendance at practice sessions will stimulate him.

*Good books and magazines should be part of every home's equipment,* for a prerequisite to a well-rounded life is the knowledge that comes only from intensive reading. Modern children have been robbed of a precious heritage. The comic book, the radio, television and sports so fill their leisure that girls and boys have no time to read. Many a high school youngster is totally ignorant of literature beyond classroom assignments. Encourage your child to read by reading with him; find in the appreciative atmosphere of the family circle the pleasure that comes from sharing a delightful experience. Appropriate book lists<sup>1</sup> for all ages may be found in public libraries, schools or bookstores, and many new books are reviewed in this magazine.

*The profitable use of leisure should be a prominent objective in the rearing of children.* Hobbies and skills which carry over into maturity, yet which are family projects, too, have lasting value. Woodworking not only teaches skill in handling tools, but helps to furnish many homes. Photography, gardening, the study and collecting of antiques, painting a family orchestra—all add up to family enjoyment. The importance of families working and playing together cannot be overemphasized. Games of all types, except those of chance or gambling, have value,

<sup>1</sup>See *Hearthstone*, May, 1952, for a list of children's books recommended by a children's librarian.



for they teach the principles of good sportsmanship and fair play. Play with your children, and they will love being with you.

Probably no teaching medium of our day contains greater potentialities for good or evil than television. All that comes into our homes with radio, worth while or trashy, can be multiplied many times over with television. Because television is so new, little is actually known of its impact upon the life of the family. A recent survey using a cross section of school children from a single Ohio city reveals some startling facts.<sup>2</sup> The one thousand 12- and 13-year-old viewers revealed that though they spent twenty-five hours in school weekly, they averaged thirty-five hours viewing television. Indiscriminate viewing, poor parental control, low school achievement and low I.Q.'s were consistently found in the same children. Those whose viewing was controlled were just as consistently found in higher I.Q. brackets and better homes. Controlled children were limited to approximately ten once-a-week programs, of which these were typical: Zoo parade, Big Top, Twenty Questions, Milton Berle, We the People, and Red Skelton. Children who regularly viewed mystery crime programs revealed that the more absorption with this type of program, the lower the I.Q. Of the entire group, 52 per cent revealed no parental supervision whatsoever.

Obviously, we as Christians cannot permit indiscriminate viewing unless we deliberately choose to bring into our living rooms cheap burlesque, third-rate movies, and a liberal education in crime, spiced with alluring advertisements of cigarettes and liquor, with a strong emphasis on sex. There are available, however, fine programs, adapted for family viewing, which are meritorious teaching aids. In television, as in all of life, we must discriminate.

*It is the privilege and the need of every child to be shown that life is a pattern of obligations*

*which must be met and discharged effectively.* Nowhere are these obligations taught so emphatically as within the family. From the two-year-old who has learned to put away his toys, and the six-year-old who empties the baskets, sweeps the porches, and has a voice in the family council, to the teen-ager who can capably perform the complicated task of running the household in an emergency, each is proud of his part in the family organization. Within the home, the child learns the value of money, and something of the labor entailed in earning it. Regular family councils help him to understand why new roller skates must wait another month; he knows why John is entitled to a new suit, while he wears his old one. He learns that the possession of money requires faithful stewardship; he learns that the great need of the world is also his responsibility. As a Christian, he ex-

periences the joy of sharing through sacrificing.

*The Christian home should radiate an atmosphere of warmth, harmony, beauty and love.* These qualities cannot be purchased at a department store; they are the reflections of the lives within the home's four walls. Without beauty there is no inspiration; without happiness there is no purpose. An open door should symbolize the Christian home, for here friends and acquaintances love to come; courtesy and consideration for others are the rule. Respect for authority, reverence for old age, all are emphasized in the training program we have set for our family.

The task of a parent is the most important one we shall ever be given. Let us accept the challenge joyfully, with the determination that our boys and girls shall, by God's grace, some day be men and women of his own heart.

## PRAYER OF A HOMEMAKER



*At the School Bus Corner*

*Dear Heavenly Father,*

Here on this weed-filled lot of sand or snow the children gather each morning, waiting for the big yellow bus to take them to school. When the driver comes to a stop at the side of the road, they clamber aboard and scuffle to their seats. It somehow seems that this spot is more a dock akin to the seaside float where young Columbus in Genoa watched the boats sail to the great unknown. And as Thou did lead him and others to discover new territory, will Thou please grant that each young mind may from this spot launch forth on its own road of discovery, whether in the field of science, medicine, law or human relations. Cover this corner with the mantle of Thy protective love that young lives may discover the richness of life with Thee as companion.

*Amen.*

RUTH C. IKERMAN

<sup>2</sup>Survey by Walter F. Clarke, Assistant Professor of Education, Xavier University, Cincinnati, Ohio, Dec., 1951.



**I**F THERE were a teen-ager in my home, I should want him to know the opportunities for service and for personal satisfaction that are open to him if he were to choose a church vocation.

Wherever we turn in our search for the clue to fullness of life—whether to the New Testament, to a handbook of psychology, or to the well of human experience—we come up with the same answer: fullness of life comes from the spirit of self-giving service. The most serenely happy individuals are those who are making life more abundant for others. In the service of the church, youth may choose from a great variety of ways in which to help others.

First of all, there is the pastoral and preaching ministry. I am always impressed at a church conference when our retired ministers are introduced. There is a serenity about them that we see all too rarely in the human countenance. And why wouldn't one be serene if he could look back upon a lifetime of bringing inspiration and comfort and faith to others?

There are many specialized branches of the ministry open to today's youth. For example, there is the minister of music whose business it is to guide men into a larger life through music. His ministry—usually in the larger churches—is both to those who take part in the varied musical activities of the church (cherub choir, youth choirs, women's choruses, chancel choir, etc.) and to the congregation for whose worship he plans and prepares a musical setting. There

*Be sure your child recognizes the many possibilities for the pursuit of real happiness in today's church-connected vocations. Here, in a brief survey, the author points the way*

## WILL YOUR

# Teen

# CHOOSE

# Church

is the industrial chaplain whose flock is the personnel of some huge factory; there are the chaplains of prisons and hospitals and military units who carry on a specialized ministry; there is the campus minister or college chaplain whose counseling and preaching will help to mold tomorrow's world by influencing its leaders during their formative years.

A young friend of mine with a bent toward writing is preparing herself for a career in religious journalism. She is aiming toward a staff position with one of our church magazines but plans, on the side, to write inspirational fiction. Certainly the influence of the novels of a man like the late Lloyd C. Douglas are illustrative of how wide the outreach of a Christian novelist can be.

A farm youth in our church is planning to become an agricultural missionary. He will likely be sent to some area where backwardness in farming methods has led to frequent famine. Others will be en-

listing at the same time as medical missionaries, and as teachers and missionary engineers.

A former church school pupil of mine who became a registered nurse took her graduate work in the field of public health. She is now in charge of a mobile medical clinic which ministers to the inaccessible inland barrios of the Philippines. With the help of two native nurses and a native doctor she has brought the message of Christ and a ministry of healing to hundreds of villagers.

Teaching in Christian colleges, serving as church secretary or pastor's assistant, directing religious education, managing a Christian community center—these are services open to youth who are willing to prepare themselves.

As the Master once invited men to share his work of redeeming





A new, and as yet unique, field of specialization in church vocations. The Rev. Tron Tronsen (center) is Norway's first chaplain to sportsmen. An outstanding pole vaulter and soccer player, he is shown with two well-known clergymen-athletes.



ger

Vocation?

By HELEN L. TONER

their little world with all its animosities, illnesses and fears, so the church today invites qualified young people to take up his unfinished task. The work of the church requires leaders who are emotionally stable, who have a growing faith in God; a love for men and ability to work with them, whose minds are alert. This does not mean that all forms of Christian service necessarily demand superior youth. For sincere allegiance to Christ has often transformed very ordinary individuals into most extraordinary ones! But it does mean that, though one may serve God in any honest work, a comparatively high intellectual and emotional standard is needed by those preparing for full-time Christian leadership.

**T**ODAY, most parents are hesitant to coerce their children or

to take too strong a hand in directing their lives. But there are many things which parents may do to encourage capable young people in the choice of a Christian vocation without coercion. We can find ways of guiding our children—without preachiness—in choosing a worthy purpose in life and working toward that end.

We can lead them to think of themselves from childhood as being called of God in one way or another. That is, we may help a boy to feel that God calls him to be a helpful son, a loyal friend, etc. For all of us, God's call should be a growing experience. The call to be a Christian student may grow later into the call to be a Christian worker; a girl's call to enter a church vocation may some day be redirected—if she falls in love and marries—into a call to serve God as a Christian homemaker, parent

and community leader.

Certainly we ought to help our children to understand that God calls people to serve him through the daily normal experiences of life. When God makes us aware of some need, when he gives us the ability and the desire to meet it—we must surely feel that he is calling us. Few will have the sudden emotional awareness of a call that Samuel and Isaiah and Paul experienced.

**N**OT LONG AGO, parents of a fifteen-year-old questioned her decision to go into Christian work. Their daughter had grown up in the church and had lived up to her vows of church membership in a perfunctory sort of way. They had never thought of her as being what the mother called "especially religious." But she had just returned from a summer youth conference and announced that she wanted to become a missionary teacher. When questioned as to whether she had had some spectacular experience at camp that had made her aware of the call to Christian service, the girl bridled.

"Of course not, Mom," was her impatient reply. "You don't have to be hit by a lightning bolt to know that God needs you. I've thought about it a long time. Then this week at camp I felt really sure that it was the way I wanted to spend my life. That's all."

(Continued on page 46.)





"A child does have a right to expect a father and a mother, love and affection, and a good home where he is wanted and belongs."

**W**HAT A SHAME that John and Mary are such swell people and yet they cannot get a baby," I heard one woman say to another as they sat visiting before the meeting began. The sentence caught my ear because I have heard it so many times and I do sympathize with the hundreds of couples who are eagerly trying to adopt babies and cannot find any available. The statistics show that there are at least ten good couples for every child for adoption. So the probability of their finding the one they want isn't as good as they would hope. There are ways they can help themselves, though, and I want to give some helpful ideas.

Before I would make my suggestions to Mary and John I would ask them to consider carefully why they want to adopt a child and to answer honestly these questions:

Is it because you hope for a fuller, richer family life?

Is it because you want an heir to carry on your name and your business?

Are you adopting a child to keep your marriage from being dissolved?

Is it because Mary needs a new interest to take her mind off other things?

Are you trying to replace a child who died?

Is there any other reason?

You should never adopt a child unless he is more than a means of filling the emptiness in your home. A child is an individual who has needs and prerogatives. He did not ask to come into the world; but, since he is here, he does have a right to expect a

*Rules and regulations often seem irritating, but a little thought will soon disclose that present-day adoption procedures protect prospective parents as well as the child. That explains . . .*

## WHY IT' Find a

father and a mother, love and affection, and a good home where he is wanted and belongs. If he were old enough he would be thinking:

"What kind of home will this couple give me?"

"Will they make me a real member of their family?"

"Will they try to understand my problems and behavior?"

"Will they want to monopolize me so completely that I cannot have thoughts of my own?"

"Will they be patient when I am irritable?"

"Do they really want me so much that they will be willing to assume the responsibility and make an effort to solve the problems that will come to them in the next twenty years as I am growing up?"

Supposing that Mary and John answered the child's questions so favorably that they left no doubt that they really are thinking of the child (not of themselves), I would then say to them, "Adoption is a serious business that will affect you as long as you live. At times the days may seem hard and strenuous. They will be easier if you start right. So, get your bearings. Find out the proper way to adopt a child."

**T**HIS IS the procedure you should follow:

1. *Obtain a list of accredited child placing agencies.* To get this list, write to the Department of Child Welfare of your state. Also, consult your pastor. After you have a list of agencies, study them carefully and choose the one (or ones) you like best. If you choose an agency in your own state or in one that adjoins yours, you will avoid many headaches, because it will be much easier for you to contact the worker or for her to visit you in your home when questions arise. As soon as possible after selecting your agency, place your application. It is the thinking of the better agencies that rarely should a baby be placed in the home of a couple who have passed



By MARIE C. HAY

Superintendent, St. Louis  
Children's Home of the  
Disciples of Christ

# SO HARD TO Child

their thirty-fifth birthdays, (1) because the baby should have the best possible chance to have parents until he is grown, and (2) because an older person who has not had children often finds the cares and problems of parenthood too difficult.

2. *Free lancing doesn't pay.* You should not listen to people who say they can get you a baby from a doctor or a lawyer friend. The black market in babies is causing trouble to unsuspecting couples who may get children who do not in any way match them and who may even be feebleminded. Furthermore, there is always the possibility that the unwed mother will later go to court and prove undue coercion and thus get the child back. On the other hand, she may be the unscrupulous type who will let the adoptive parents become very much attached to the child and then threaten to take him away if they do not pay exorbitant amounts of money.

3. *You should not let the talk about red tape and family investigations frighten you.* You want the best child that you can possibly secure for your home. It is the goal of each reputable agency to "match" the child to the adoptive parents so that he will have the maximum opportunity to develop to his highest potential. This involves the application of the knowledge of the genetically imposed limits of the child, and of the expectations of the adoptive parents and their reasons for wanting to adopt a child. Your fullest cooperation and free discussion will increase your chances of obtaining the child who is just the one for

"It is the goal of each reputable agency to 'match' the child to the adoptive parents."

you—one who will so completely match you that people will even comment on how much he looks like you. (His habits will be patterned after yours when he has become a part of your household.)

4. *You should not expect to get a child immediately.* Frequently people come to a children's home and expect to have a group of children lined up for them so that they can choose the prettiest.

Remember, were you having a baby of your own, you would have to wait nine months. And it might not have blue eyes and blonde curly hair! So give the agency at least a year to look around to find the baby who fits you. They may find one sooner, but the chances are you will have to wait a year because there are at least ten good couples for each child who is available for adoption.

5. *If you intend to shop around among agencies and put your application in many places, be fair with each agency and so inform them.* Some people are not receiving babies as soon as they might because of this practice of the more aggressive couples. If you are consulting several placement centers, contact all the other agencies and tell them when one has started a study of your home. Then the others will not waste time that could be used for another couple. If two agencies make a study at the same time, so much confusion may result that both agencies will take them off their lists.

In closing, I repeat, *there are ten good couples for every child.* If after thoughtful consideration of your feelings in the case, you are sure your motives for wanting the child are for his best interests, *not yours*, then proceed along the route I have indicated, and you may realize God's crowning blessing to any couple—the thrill of having a child to love and of receiving love from a child.





# For the Bible We Thank You

Father, for the Bible,  
Book of stories true,  
Book that tells of Jesus,  
We bring our thanks to You,  
For the Bible we thank You!<sup>1</sup>

—MARGARET M. CLEMENS

## Twenty-third Psalm

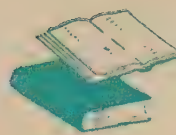
The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want;  
he makes me lie down in green pastures.  
He leads me beside still waters;  
he restores my soul.  
He leads me in paths of righteousness  
for his name's sake.  
Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow  
of death,  
I fear no evil;  
for thou art with me;  
thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.  
Thou preparest a table before me  
in the presence of my enemies;  
thou anointest my head with oil,  
my cup overflows.  
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me  
all the days of my life;  
and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord  
for ever.

## Bible Verse Song

I was glad when they said to me  
"Let us go to the house of the Lord!"

—Psalm 122:1.

<sup>1</sup>Words copyright, 1941, by the American Baptist Publication Society. Used by permission.



# with You

## THANK YOU,

Your child's appreciation for the Bible will develop through happy associations with it and a growth in knowledge of

Very young children can understand that some of their favorite stories are in the Bible. They can understand that it tells of right ways to act.

Older children will be interested in how the Bible came to be. They will probably be learning about its history in church school. This is of particular interest now that the Revised Standard Version of the Holy Bible is completed.

### First Week—"FOR STORIES FINE AND TRUE" Bible Verses to Use

We give thanks to thee, O God.—Psalm 75:1. (K)

### Poems and Songs to Use

"For Stories Fine and True." (P)

"For Thy Great Book of Stories." (P)

"For the Bible, We Thank You." (K)

### Bible Stories to Read

"Jesus and the Children" (Mark 10:13-16)—MBL, No. 2 (K)

"When Samuel Went to Church" (1 Samuel 2:11, 18, 26)—HGL, No. 3 (N); MBL, No. 2 (K); PPB, 1st Yr., Fall Qr., pp. 8-9 (P).

"Jesus Goes to Church" (Luke 2:40-52)—MBL, No. 2 (K); PPB, 1st Yr., Fall Qr., pp. 3-5 (P); PPB, 2nd Yr., Fall Qr., pp. 8-9 (P).

"Dorcas, A Good Friend" (Acts 9:36, 39)—MBL, No. 2 (K)

"Timothy, a Boy Who Helped" (Acts 16:1-3; 2 Timothy 1:5; 3:15)—PPB, 2nd Yr., Fall Qr., pp. 13-14. (P)

"When Jesus Was Baptized" (Matthew 3:13-15)—PPB, 3rd Yr., Fall Qr., pp. 10-11. (P)

"The Last Supper" (Mark 14:22-25)—PPB, 3rd Yr., Fall Qr., p. 12. (P)

"Jesus Teaches from the Scripture" (Luke 4:16-30)—MBG, 1st Yr., Fall Qr. (J)

### Other Stories to Read

"Michael Makes a Discovery About the Bible"—MBG, 1st Yr., Fall Qr. (J)

### Prayer

Thank you, God, for the Bible and its stories fine and true.  
Amen.

### Second Week—FOR POEMS IN THE BIBLE Bible Verses to Use

Enter his gates with thanksgiving.—Psalm 100:4-5. (P)

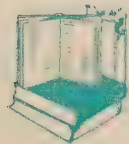
### Poems and Songs to Use

A poem of praise.—Psalm 117. (J)

A poem about God's law.—Psalm 119:10-12, 15-16.

Poems listed for First Week.





## THE BIBLE

For children are probably also learning how to use the Bible. Your own interest at home will heighten their interest in it.

Play with your children the stories, poems and verses which are within their understanding and appreciation. Suggestions for family worship are given on this page. The poems, songs, Scripture, stories and prayers which mean most to you and your children. This is one way to lead your children to truly feel "Thank you, God, for the Bible."<sup>2</sup>

### to Read

- Me About the Bible*, Mary Alice Jones. (P)
- Story Book About the Bible*, Mabel Niedermeyer. (P-J)
- Bible Story for Boys and Girls, New Testament*, Walter Russell Bowie. (J)
- Bible Story for Boys and Girls, Old Testament*, Walter Russell Bowie. (J)

Thank you, God, for the Bible and the poems it contains. Amen.

### Third Week—FOR SONGS IN THE BIBLE

#### Verses to Use

- Come, let us sing to the Lord.—Psalm 95:1. (K)
- It is good to give thanks to the Lord, to sing praises to His name, O Most High.—Psalm 92:1. (P)
- Sing to the Lord a new song.—Psalm 98:1. (J)

#### Songs and Songs to Use

- "The Lord Is My Shepherd."—Psalm 23. (J)
- Song of praise for God's law.—Psalm 119:171-4.

Thank you, God, for the Bible, and its songs which we enjoy. Amen.

### Fourth Week—FOR RULES FROM LONG AGO

#### Verses to Use

- For a child is known by what he does.—Proverbs 20:11. (Moffatt) (K)
- Love one another.—1 John 4:7. (K, P)
- "Remember me."—1 Cor. 11:24. (P)

#### Songs and Songs to Use

See listed for the first three weeks.

#### Selected Bible Readings

- Take good advice about God's laws.—Proverbs 3:1-3. (J)
- Value of God's law.—Proverbs 4:20-22. (J)
- God's law helps us do better.—Psalm 119:1-11. (J)

Thank you, God, for the Bible. Help us to follow your laws in our work and play. Amen.

Abbreviations used: N—Nursery (3-year-olds); K—Kindergarten (4-5 years); P—Primary (6-8); J—Juniors (9-11); H—Home Guidance Leaflet; MBL—*My Bible Leaflet*; PPB—Primary Pupil's Book; MBG—*My Bible Guide*.

## For Stories Fine and True

We thank Thee, O our Father,  
For stories fine and true  
Of people in the Bible  
Who knew and loved Thee too.  
They learned to serve Thee bravely,  
To help 'gainst pain and wrong;  
They wondered at Thy goodness;  
They praised in joyous song.  
We thank Thee, O our Father,  
For stories fine and true  
Of One who tried so gladly  
His Father's work to do.  
We like to hear of Jesus,  
So brave, so strong in need;  
We thank Thee for the Bible:  
His story there we read.<sup>3</sup>

—ETHEL L. SMITHER

## For Thy Great Book of Stories

For Thy great book of stories  
That Thou hast given me  
I praise Thee, God our Father,  
And thank Thee heartily.

This truest book of stories  
The world has ever known  
Is like a lamp that, lighted,  
Through all the world has shone.<sup>4</sup>

—WILHELMINA D'A. STEPHENS

## Psalm 117

Praise the Lord, all nations!  
Extol him, all peoples!  
For great is his steadfast love toward us;  
and the faithfulness of the Lord endures for ever.  
Praise the Lord!

<sup>3</sup>Used by permission of author.

<sup>4</sup>From *Hymns for Primary Worship*. Copyright, 1946, by The Westminster Press. Used by permission.





# Grandpappy Clock

By ESTHER FRESHMAN

*Every good clock can tell  
you the time but only  
Grandpappy Clock  
can tell you a good story*

**Y**OU HAVE HEARD of grandfather clocks, I know. They are the tall fellows that stand in a hallway or on the stair landing in big houses. They have chimes, but, my, the stuff they have to carry around inside of them! It makes me glad I'm just a Grandpappy Clock.

Have you never heard of a Grandpappy Clock? That really makes my alarm tingle. Rrr—ing! I'd better not do that, though; that is how I got into trouble in the first place.

Do you want to hear my story? Well, bless my seconds, you shall hear it.

As you see, I'm oversized as far as clocks of my kind go these days. And I have my bell on top. My grandchildren, of course, don't have it there. They carry their noises down inside of them. But, believe me, I could get people up in the morning! They stayed up, too. I had a little trick (I raise my hands and laugh about it now), but I wouldn't let them shut me clear off. Just as their eyes settled down for more sleep-time, I'd let out another Rrr-ing—RR-ING! And would those sleeping people hit the floor! By the time they

had me quieted down, they were up, all right.

One morning, the man I was supposed to get up—his name was George—told his wife Jane that he sure wished he had something better than me to start his morning with. And the next night when George was winding me, Jane came in and said,

"George, don't wind that old clock any more. Here's one with a gentle alarm. Listen!" They wound some sort of a sissy-looking white affair, and it kind of sang out. No honest-to-goodness ring at all.

Jane picked me up, saying, "George, this poor old clock looks sad with its hands up like that. I think I'll put it in the kitchen."

I was sad all right, but it wasn't too bad in the kitchen. Rob, that's Jane's and George's young son, used to run in and get cookies. Sometimes Mary, the cook, would even set my alarm. I would really ring out! And Rob liked that.

One day they painted the kitchen, and Jane said, "Mary, with your nice new kitchen, I'm going to get you a red clock."

This time Jane didn't even look to see if I was sad. She just put me in the closet, up on the shelf, and I didn't get to see young Rob any more. And no one wound me at all.

It seemed to me that I stayed in that dark closet forever. But one day the closet door opened and I heard "Scuffle—scuffle," and then I heard, "Where are my boots?"

It was Rob, and his hand came up on the shelf and touched me. Did he grab me! He took me to his room. He wound me and I rang and rang, and we had a great time.

A few days later he came running in, all excited. "Old Clock," he called out. "You and I have a job. We have to take care of my new sister, Diane. I'll bet you can stop her crying."

I could hear her crying 'way down the hall. Rob took me in and wound my alarm in a hurry. Did I ever ring! I put a little laugh and a special jingle-tingle in that ring. Diane gurgled and gurgled. She lifted her little hands and Rob let her touch me with her tiny fingers. When Rob started to take me back with him, Diane really cried. She had a good alarm, too!

Jane came hurrying in, and Rob said, "Mom, she likes to hear that old clock tick."

"Well, leave it here awhile, Darling, please," Jane answered.

"Sure," Rob said. He loved Diane.

Diane seemed mighty happy to have me there on the table near her crib. She was a pretty baby. Finally, they turned the lights out and I ticked away. And little Diane went to sleep.

I ticked and ticked. The whole house was quiet. Suddenly I heard Diane making funny noises. I looked over. Diane's eyes were shut but she was sputtering and choking. I leaned over some more. I sure wanted someone to come and help. I kept leaning over and

(Continued on page 46.)



# Cousin Tom and the Honest Hound

By **GLENN H. ASQUITH**

*Funny Puddy Possum*

*was teaching nice old Cousin Tom  
his best trick, when along came  
... Guess who!*

**B**EFORE COUSIN TOM, the bachelor cat, came to Puddy Possum's house he could see Puddy in a tree near by. Puddy had his back turned to Tom, and that naughty old bachelor fellow thought it would be fun to scare his old friend.

Cousin Tom walked ever so quietly across the green moss, and when he was just behind Puddy he rapped Mr. Possum on the shoulder with his crooked walking stick. Poor Puddy! He thought it was some big, bad animal coming to get him, so he rolled over on the tree branch and lay as still as still could be.

Tom waited a minute and nothing happened. Then he tickled Puddy's stomach. Nothing happened. He pulled the possum's ear, gently, you know. Nothing happened. He gave a friendly pull to Puddy's tail. Nothing happened. Then Cousin Tom was really scared! He thought he had frightened old Mr. Possum to death, and he was sorry that he had been so silly.

"Oh, Puddy, open your eyes! Can't you talk? I did not mean to scare you so badly," said Cousin Tom.

Right away, yes, without waiting one more thirteenth of a minute, Puddy Possum sat up.

"Hello, Cousin Tom," said the little possum fellow.

"Puddy Possum, why did you let me think you were dead?" asked Tom.

"Because I did not know it was you, Cousin Tom. When somebody comes up behind me, or when someone catches me, I always play dead like that until the bad fellows go away. I have saved my skin a lot of times that way," explained Puddy.

"That sounds like a good idea," said Tom. "Maybe I can do that when the Dunwhodedo or the Searum-Harum gets after me. Only if they tickle me, I am afraid I shall wiggle."

Puddy laughed. "I guess you have to be a possum to do that trick right," he said. "Come on up here in the tree with me, Tom. It is cool up here and you can see quite a long way."

Cousin Tom put his lunch box, his crooked walking stick, and his coat in Puddy's house, and then he climbed the tree.

It was fun in the tree. Tom explored every little branch. He found that he could snuggle up on a thin branch and the wind would play "Rock-a-bye-baby" with him. He looked in on one of Flippy squirrel's cousins and told him about Flippy. And he would have spoken kindly to Mrs. Robin on her nest, except that the bluejay policemen don't like to see cats getting to near the birds.

"This is a fine tree you have," said Cousin Tom.



"I like it, too," said Puddy. "I spend most of my time up here. Listen! Did you hear something?"

Tom listened, and he heard a deep sort of growling sound. As he listened it seemed to be getting closer and closer.

"Oh, my," cried Puddy, "that's a hound, and he must be coming here after me. What shall we do, Cousin Tom?"

"Can't we both play dead?" asked Tom.

"No, no. The hound knows all about that trick, and nothing suits him better," answered the possum.

And before they could figure out something to do to keep away from this big dog, the hound came in sight.

If you like hounds, and Puddy and Cousin Tom did not like hounds, this was a very pretty one. He had gentle brown eyes, soft long ears, and a funny, twitchy nose.

"Don't try to run away," said the hound, "because I can catch you anyway, and I might have to bite you."

Puddy and Tom were too scared to run, anyway. They sat all huddled up together on a large limb and looked down at the dog.

"This is luck," said the hound, "I find the two of you together, and now my day's work is done."

"Were you looking for me?" asked Puddy.

*(Continued on page 46.)*



# JUNIO

For parents who want to understand their 9-year-olds and their church school lessons, and who strive to create an atmosphere at home conducive to spiritual growth

I came to call and was disappointed when I didn't find you at home."

"I am glad that you came, Miss Thomas. This is Mrs. Sherrill, Arthur's mother. Won't you both come in and we'll have a cup of tea? I baked some brownies this morning. They are Jack's favorite cooky. I hope there are still some in the jar. We can chat while we are having tea," Mrs. Baker suggested.

"I am glad to meet you, Mrs. Sherrill. We are happy to have Arthur in our class. He made a real contribution to our discussion last Sunday when he told about the interesting old Bible which his grandmother has," Miss Thomas said, as the three entered the house.

In the friendly atmosphere of the Baker living room the teacher and the two mothers soon discovered that they had many common interests and concerns.

"I enjoy teaching my class of junior boys and girls, but I fully realize that what I do is very little compared with what you do in the home to help Arthur and Jack grow religiously. Each child's

**H**AVE YOU met Arthur's new church school teacher yet?" Mrs. Baker asked Mrs. Sherrill, as they walked toward their homes.

"No, I haven't. I never bother about that. I don't know much about Arthur's religion. I let his church school teacher worry about that. I figure that is her job, and she can do it without my interference," Mrs. Sherrill replied.

"Her name is Miss Thomas. She is a very friendly person, and an excellent teacher, I understand. I met her last Sunday when I went to the Junior Department to take Jack's Bible to him. He left it in the car when he jumped out and ran to meet Arthur," Mrs. Baker continued.

"Well, perhaps it's all right, but I have never thought it was very important to get acquainted with Arthur's teachers. I have found

their cards in the door when they have called and I wasn't at home. I didn't bother to call them. I was busy, and figured they were busy, too. You see, until a few months ago when we moved here, I have always worked and haven't had time for such things," Mrs. Sherrill replied.

The two women had reached the walk that led to Mrs. Baker's house. They saw an attractive, smiling woman coming down the steps.

"Hello, Mrs. Baker," greeted Miss Thomas. "I am glad to see you again. It was thoughtful of you to bring Jack's Bible to him last Sunday. He really did need it. We are getting acquainted with our Bibles and use them in class. I have been looking forward to having Jack in my class and becoming better acquainted with you.





## MESSAGE to PARENTS

home is the most important influence in his life. I am very conscious of that," Miss Thomas said.

"Do you really mean that?" Mrs. Sherrill asked. "I thought that Arthur was to learn his religion at church."

"Ours is only a very small part," Miss Thomas replied. "What his parents are, what happens in the home, your attitudes toward the church, your use of the Bible, your conversation about God and Jesus, and many other things in your everyday experiences are the things from which Jack and Arthur get most of their ideas about religion and develop their attitudes and Christian behavior. The home is tremendously important in the religious growth of the child. We of the church school are very eager to work with you and to share in the great privilege of guiding your boys in Christian ways of living. We have an eight-page leaflet, the *Message to Parents*, which has been planned to help us understand each other. It will tell you about the church school work and suggest how you can share in this work. I have brought a copy for each of you, for I intended to call on you this afternoon also, Mrs. Sherrill." Then Miss Thomas handed a copy of the *Message to Parents* to each of the mothers.

"I like to think of this leaflet as the connecting link between what I am doing at church and what the home is doing for each child," Miss Thomas continued. "The first

paragraphs of the leaflet say some of the things about the importance of the home which I have been trying to say."

"I notice that it gives a list of things which Arthur will be studying during the fall months. Then this leaflet isn't for the whole year?" Mrs. Sherrill asked.

"You will receive one every three months, Mrs. Sherrill. Jack's primary teacher brought us four a year. Mr. Baker and I found it most helpful," Mrs. Baker said.

"Our work at church school is planned in units," Miss Thomas explained. "This means that several sessions are planned to achieve a single purpose, and the materials and activities are chosen and used to help fulfill that purpose."

"Then Arthur will be studying about the Bible, about giving thanks and about Jesus between now and the New Year?" Mrs. Sherrill queried as she read from the leaflet.

"Yes, that is right. I am wondering about the Bible which Arthur mentioned. Would it be possible for him to bring it to class to show to the other juniors? He seemed so interested in it," Miss Thomas asked.

"His grandmother lives fifty miles from here, but perhaps we could drive over and get it. I am sure that Mother will be glad to have him use it," Mrs. Sherrill replied.

"In the *Message to Parents* you will find the subject and the Bible material for each session. These

are grouped in units. There are suggestions for things which you may wish to do at home. All of these are related to the church school study and will be a part of the learning experiences for Arthur and Jack," Miss Thomas said.

"The *Message to Parents* was most helpful when Jack was in the Primary Department," said Mrs. Baker. "It enabled Mr. Baker and me to know what was being taught in the church school. We appreciated the suggestions which it gave for things we could do at home to further this learning. I don't know whether you have met Jane, Jack's five-year-old sister, Miss Thomas, but when we received each new copy, Jane always wanted to know 'what it said to do now.' All of the things which we did as a family tied up with Jack's experiences at church school."

"Miss Thomas, is this leaflet of any value to you as the class teacher?" Mrs. Sherrill asked.

"I have my copy, which I read and keep with my Bible and other teaching materials. I study the suggestions in it so that I know what you are doing in your home and can help encourage Jack and Arthur."

"Do you mean that if we don't do these things at home, you will check up on Arthur?"

"Oh, by no means! I hadn't even thought of it as 'checking up' on a child or home. Because I think the home is the most important influence in the life of your child, I am eager to work with you and to help you in any way that I can. I want you and the boys to know I am interested and ready to help. Then, too, it helps Jack and Arthur to grow as they tell about the things which they have done during the week. Religion isn't for Sunday alone; it is for every day and every experience. Your children are proud of you and have a sense of satisfaction in telling about the things which they have done at home that are really a part of the study. Arthur was so happy when he told about his grandmother's Bible."

"What if there is something which Arthur asks and brings home to do that I don't understand?" Mrs. Sherrill asked.



"Call me on the telephone or, better still, come to my home and we will talk about it. It is easy for nine-year-olds to get a wrong idea or misunderstand something that is said at church school. Sometimes they do not fully understand what is said; sometimes they do not fully understand the projects and activities that they are to work on during the week. I want you to talk with me, just as I want to talk and work with you. After all, Jack and Arthur and the ways in which they are growing religiously are at the very center of our concern," Miss Thomas replied.

"I am afraid that I shall need more help than this eight-page leaflet can give," Mrs. Sherrill remarked.

Mrs. Baker, who had been silent, spoke up, "You will find many suggestions for using Arthur's reading book in the *Message to Parents*. Read and use it with him. All the material in it is related to his church school study. We buy the picture set for each quarter, as the leaflet suggests. Our family enjoys and uses the pictures in family worship. With Miss Thomas' help and co-operation, you, Arthur, and Mr. Sherrill will enjoy following up the work of the church school and doing the things which are suggested in the *Message to Parents*."

"I must go now. It has been such a happy experience to have this time with you and to talk over some of our interests and concerns. Jack and Arthur and their reli-

gious growth are our mutual concern. Be sure and let me know some of the interesting things which you are doing. Come and visit our class. And remember that when you have suggestions that will be helpful to me, I want those, too," Miss Thomas said, as she took her leave.

"I must go, also. Arthur will soon be home from school. I believe that Miss Thomas is going to be a fine person to know. I hope that this *Message to Parents* is as helpful as you say it is, for I need a lot of help," Mrs. Sherrill said.

"It will be. It will help your family have fun and fellowship, and grow together as you follow its suggestions," Mrs. Baker replied, as she said good-by to her friend.

## BIBLEGRAM

By Hilda E. Allen

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The colored squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, the filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

A Folks, like you and me	84 59 70 141 47 94
B One more -----	78 82 57 54 116 50 109
C To put your fingers on something -----	148 140 111 153 149
D Frozen dew -----	100 154 147 126 115
E Sharper -----	1 97 110 114 117 106
F The opposite of pretty--	102 34 58 123 62 7
G The way you work your arithmetic lesson -----	55 119 44 144 118 133
H Disobedient -----	42 108 85 43 121 8 27
I Person who watches or guards something or someone -----	75 103 139 76 142 138
J What you get at a barber shop -----	130 39 131 152 79 12 91
K What Mr. Truman is--	4 15 2 31 61 24 3 145 5
L Any day except a work-day or a schoolday----	26 99 21 151 83 134 155
M An error -----	17 90 136 25 127 40 73
N A hunting dog -----	37 16 46 10 92 77 135
O Hot and thirsty -----	14 48 19 74 53 29 36 6
P Not able to fly because of rain or fog, as an airplane -----	11 33 9 45 64 49 18 65

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13		14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24		25	26	27		28	29	30	31	32	33
34		35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44
45		46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55
56		57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66
67		68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77
78		79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88
89		90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99
100		101	102	103	104	105	106	107	108	109	110
111		112	113	114	115	116	117	118	119	120	121
122		123	124	125	126	127	128	129	130	131	132
133		134	135	136	137	138	139	140	141	142	143
144		145	146	147	148	149	150	151	152	153	154
155		156	157	158	159	160	161	162	163	164	165

Solution on page 46.

Q Heaven -----	30 52 86 63 71 20 72 13
R A weekday, usually washday -----	35 69 143 107 81 96
S The main part of a movie show -----	32 80 22 101 88 56 89
T A female lion -----	28 41 67 23 95 87 98
U A man's servant -----	60 137 104 150 122
V Made a better score; excelled -----	146 105 51 112 38 66
W Some people say this when they mean "money" -----	129 124 125 68 93
X A melody, or tune -----	132 113 128 120



by

EDNA BUSSEY HERRING

THE  
WINNING  
OF  
ELLEN

ELLEN'S CHATTER had gone on for some time, but every time Sue tried to listen long enough to make sense out of what Ellen was saying, she would find another faulty butter bean in the panful she had shelled.

"I should have at least four pints here," she said proudly, running her stained and withered fingers through the mound of purple and white beans. "And I shelled every one of them myself." She didn't bother to look up for approval, for she knew no one cared how many butter beans she had shelled.

"Mother, you weren't even listening," Ellen complained. Sue looked up and Ellen's blue eyes were wide with tears and anger.

Sue paused outside the door, and the girls went on with their chatter



ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL GROUT



Nancy came in the front door then, and Ellen impatiently shoved her chair under the table and smarted out of the kitchen.

"What's wrong with her, John?" Ellen's father had finished his supper and was peering at the newspaper through his bifocals. "I meant to listen to what the child had to say, but I was trying to finish these beans." Thoughtfully she pushed strands of brown hair from her shiny forehead. "But what they usually have to say seems so . . . so juvenile, doesn't it, John?"

John Price was thoughtful for a moment. "I guess so, Sue, but Ellen seemed to want to talk to you about something. Sometimes their problems are pretty important. Not that she would take your advice about anything, but having someone to listen is usually all they want." Again he slipped eagerly into that world occupied solely by men and their newspapers.

"I guess I should have been listening," Sue said, feeling a little ashamed as she put the pan of beans on the drainboard. "When

I'm through with the dishes I'll go talk to her."

"Might be too late then. You ought to go now. The dishes will wait," he said.

"I won't be long." Sue went on stacking the plates.

**W**HEN SHE LEFT the kitchen she went into the bedroom, for she had some mending to do before the checker game. She forgot that she meant to go talk to Ellen until she heard her laughing with Nancy.

She listened intently, for it had been a long time since Ellen had laughed so heartily. There was her voice again, happy and unrestrained. What she wanted to tell her probably wasn't so important after all, Sue thought. But she would go and see, anyway. She laid aside her sewing, dusted the ravels from her lap, and started down the hall.

The girls were sitting on the floor with their backs to the door. Ellen's freshly shampooed hair was a nest of tiny brown curls held flat with bobbies. She was hemming the yellow organdy dress she

was going to wear to the party. "I could have done that for her," Sue thought. "But Ellen probably didn't mind hemming it—she does a great many things for herself."

Nancy sat beside her, cutting flower petals from blue crepe paper. The flowers were going to be used in their party decorations. Her shoulder-length blonde hair was almost red with the light against it. Unnoticed, Sue paused a moment outside the door to straighten her belt; and the girls went on with their chatter.

"When I told Mother about the boys hiding Tom's trousers and his having to stay up in the tree until we girls got in the building, she nearly died laughing," Nancy said. "So that's what they were laughing about," Sue thought.

Ellen began to laugh again, that easy merry laughter that Sue had heard from her bedroom. Then suddenly she stopped, and Sue could tell that she grew serious. "You told your mother that?" Her voice carried a note of astonishment and Sue couldn't help wincing.

She had never encouraged Ellen's coming to her with little things. So she probably thought that she would not have approved of this little incident, for it was a bit on the vulgar side. But young people sometimes went beyond the boundaries of convention in their play. Ellen should know that she understood that.

"Sure," Nancy laughed, "I tell Mother 'most anything. She just laughs. Sometimes Dad looks sorta sour and uninterested. But Mother is always interested, and nearly always she tells me something that happened to her when she was growing up. Sometimes they sound kinda silly."

Sue's belt was adjusted, but she paused another moment, for suddenly she was very much interested in what they were saying.

"But you know something?" Nancy went on. "Some of the things they did were almost exactly like the things we do today."

A true statement, Sue thought, but youth seldom acknowledged it. Each generation usually thought its experiences were as exciting and fresh as the morning dew when

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really they were ancient. And come to think of it, there was no reason why a parent shouldn't know all about child training. The formula was perpetuated in the young people themselves, who, year after year, responded to or rebelled at parental discipline. It all depended on a parent's love and interest in them.

Ellen stared out of the window, deeply contemplative. "I guess so," she said, turning back to her work. "I've got to hurry or I'll never get this dress hemmed."

"What do you suppose our teacher would have done had she known Tom was in that tree?"

"I don't know," Ellen said; and they began to laugh again.

"You girls seem to be having a lot of fun." Sue stepped inside the door. "I couldn't stand it any longer. I had to see what's going on."

**L**IKE THE CRACK of a whip, the laughter stopped and Ellen pretended to busy herself with a knot in her thread.

"Come on in, Mrs. Price," Nancy said. "We were laughing about Tom."

Sue sat on the foot of the bed, and Ellen ignored her presence and went on whipping in the hem. "What about Tom?" Sue asked. "I haven't heard about him."

Nancy began laughing again, "Ellen didn't tell you?"

Sue pretended to think for a moment. "If she did, maybe I've forgotten," she said. That was probably what Ellen was trying to tell her at the supper table.

Ellen's face lighted hopefully and her eyes danced with restrained laughter. Then Sue caught her eye and her expression changed to one of fright or shame, Sue couldn't tell which. "What's wrong with the child?" she wondered. "What have I done to her to cause such strange behavior?"

Quickly Ellen maneuvered her arms so that she could attract Nancy's attention. Finally she signaled a warning to Nancy by frowning and shaking her head. "Nancy, hold this part of the skirt. I'll never get this finished if I don't hurry. The party is at eight."

It was plainly evident that her very presence was an unwelcome invasion of their adolescent privacy, and Sue rose to go.

"Oh, you're not bothering us, Mrs. Price," Nancy said. "We can dress, anyway."

"She plays checkers with Dad every night," Ellen said. She glanced at Sue coolly, and Sue knew that she was being dismissed from her room.

"See you girls later," she said and walked out.

**B**ACK IN HER ROOM she put up the table and placed the checkers on the board, but she could not play. "John," she said, push-

**Power gradually extirpates  
from the mind every humane  
and gentle virtue.**

**—Edmund Burke**

ing the board aside, "why is it that Ellen never tells me little things that happen to her? I feel completely outside her world."

"Maybe you never listen to her when she does talk," he said. "She tried to tell you something a little while ago and you were too busy shelling beans."

"I know," Sue said thoughtfully, "but I went down to her room to find out what it was, and she practically asked me out—and right in front of Nancy. I've never had much time to sit down and talk to her. But she is fourteen now and I want to know what girls that age talk about and who their friends are and where they go. Do you realize, John, that I know very little about Ellen?"

"Just listen, she'll tell you all you want to know," her husband said.

They never did play checkers, for Sue kept thinking of Ellen and that impenetrable silence that had sprung up between them. Finally, in growing despair, she got up and walked to the window and looked out, thinking of Ellen and what a gentle child she was. How she

would like to share Ellen's inner world! She was missing something.

When she could stand it no longer she started back to Ellen's room. She felt compelled to break through that wall that separated them. Halfway down the hall she stopped and, to her utter dismay, her hands were trembling. She went back into her bedroom. "John," she said, "all at once I'm ashamed to even go near Ellen. What have I done?"

There was a sobering quality in his brown eyes when he looked at her, "Can't you see what you've done?"

"Yes, I guess I can," she said. "I haven't taught her to confide in me, have I?" She turned around and walked bravely down the hall. She couldn't help it if Ellen was indifferent. She deserved it.

**H**AVE YOU finished your dress?" she asked, sitting on the bed. "I could have basted that hem in for you." She couldn't put any enthusiasm into her voice.

The dress was hanging across a chair. Ellen sat on the floor coloring her fingernails, much too deep a red, Sue thought, but she did not say so. In the middle of the bed Nancy sat cross-legged, reading a magazine. Nonchalantly, Ellen held out her hand to appraise her manicuring skill. Then Sue saw that same silent hostility creep into her face and she begged:

"What is it, Ellen? Why didn't you ask me to hem the dress for you? I would have done it happily!"

Ellen's eyes wandered about in her lap and suddenly her head lifted defiantly. "I hemmed it all right but I may get my heel caught in the stitches and tear it out. That would be rather embarrassing, wouldn't it? But the party is at eight and I had to finish it."

Sue detected a bit of scorn in her voice. So that was the trouble. But why was Ellen afraid to talk to her? She was free to speak her mind without getting upset about it. She would have gladly helped her. Words of assurance came to Sue's throat but something in Ellen's eyes checked her.  
(Continued on page 44.)





## KEEP THEM Home ON HALLOWEEN

By Helen Ramsey

WHEN OCTOBER 31 rolls around, probably you are one of the hundreds of mothers who will hear: "Hey, Mom, can we go trick-or-treating? All the other kids are going."

If you are like many parents, you will give your consent reluctantly, for you feel that the practice of "trick-or-treating," with its implied threat to those who do not enter into the spirit of the occasion, is somehow an unwholesome one which you do not wish to foster in your little ones. Maybe you dislike their being a nuisance to the neighbors, or perhaps you object to their running about the streets at night.

Then why not offset the custom by permitting them to have a Halloween party at home? If they are busy in the basement or garage entertaining young friends with "spook" games and contests, they won't be ringing doorbells and demanding handouts.

In many ways, the Halloween party is extremely easy to manage. Barn, basement and garage lend themselves ideally to such festivities, so there is no need to feel concerned about the safety of your furnishings. You needn't struggle for originality in decorations or games, either. The same old corn stalks, pumpkins and black cats turn up year after year, always pleasing the little folks.

As for entertainment, the youthful guests will probably come costumed, and "guessing who" is an easy ice-breaker, with a prize for the cleverest costume. Have Brother don a sheet and false face, and let him shake hands with each guest, with an ice-filled rubber glove on his hand. Let Sister, wearing cape and pointed hat, give out fortunes from a witch's cauldron.

(Continued on page 47.)

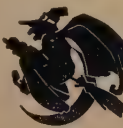
» » » FOR GOOD TIME



# ON HALLO

**H**ALLOWEEN! The night when ghosts walk and witches fly; skeletons rattle their bones and jingle their chains! But what a night to gather with family or friends and make merry. So why not plan a party at your house, and get your invitations in the mail. You might use the following jingle or an original one of your own, typing it on little paper pumpkins cut out of stiff orange paper.

Through the sky  
On her broomstick steed,  
The witch will fly  
With greatest speed;  
She'll summon you  
To our house at eight,  
On Halloween,  
To learn your fate.



Now decorate your house, or rumpus room, if you are lucky enough to have one, using the Halloween colors, orange and black, and, to carry out the spirit of the occasion, pumpkins, real or artificial; black pasteboard cats set in corners; black paper bats suspended from the ceiling. A skeleton drawn with white chalk on a six-foot length of black paper or cloth, and hung inside the closet door where your guests will hang their wraps will help give atmosphere to your party and add to the merri-

ment. After all the guests have discovered the skeleton in your closet, they will be ready to learn their fates as promised.

**The Witch's Brew.**—In front of a straight chair in the center of the room, place a pan or pot, which will be the witch's cauldron. A

black iron Dutch oven would be ideal for this. On each of a dozen cards about the size of a postcard, cut out of stiff orange paper, have a fortune written, the funnier and more ridiculous the better—use your ingenuity here. Each guest, in turn, takes his place back of the chair, stands up straight, and attempts to throw as many of these cards in 'the cauldron as possible. As he throws, you as the hostess, or some one of your guests with a flair for the dramatic, might recite some of the witches' incantations from *Macbeth*:

Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.  
Fillet of a fenny snake,  
In the cauldron boil and bake;  
Eye of newt and toe of frog,  
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,  
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,  
Lizard's leg and howlet's wing,  
Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

After the twelve cards are thrown, those that have found their way

## MAKE IT A PARTY

By Irene Dacus



# THE HOME « « «

EN



into the cauldron are read, and the fortunes written thereon represent the fate of the contestant.

**Sweets to the Swift.**—You are now ready for another active game. Divide your guests into two teams facing each other. Give an orange scarf (a yard of inexpensive material) to the leader of one team; a black scarf to the other. At the word "Go," the leader ties the scarf around his neck, unties it and hands it to his next neighbor, who does the same, until the scarf has reached the end of the line. Then it is returned down the line, but this time the end person ties the scarf on the right arm of his next neighbor, who must untie it and do the same for the person next to him, and so on until the scarf is again in the hands of the original leader. The winning team may then be awarded two black or orange jelly beans apiece, while the losers, poor things, get but one.

**Snap the Doughnut.**—If you are playing in the living-room, spread an old sheet under the contestants.

If in the rumpus room, just have fun. On each of several strings suspended from the top of a door frame (and held there by thumbtacks), tie a doughnut. If a



wide doorway, three or four contestants can play at one time. Strings should be just long enough so that the doughnut is a little above the mouth of the contestant, to necessitate a bit of stretch and tiptoe work. Each contestant tries to eat the doughnut off the string, and is timed. The winner is given an extra doughnut.

**My Name.**—Paper and pencils, please! Each sheet of paper is ruled down the center. The left half is headed, "Things I Hope to Do," and the right half, "Things I Hope Never to Do." Have each player write the letters of his first name in caps, vertically, under the left-hand heading, and the letters of his last name under the right-hand one, and then proceed to write his "Hopes" and "Hope Nots," using the initials of his name to start the sentences. Maude Farmer might write:

#### *Things I Hope to Do*

- M—Meet General Eisenhower.
- A—Act in Shakespeare.
- U—Understand my husband.
- D—Dance at Jim's Wedding.
- E—Escape boredom.

#### *Things I Never Hope to Do*

- F—Fight a porcupine.
- A—Activate an atom bomb.
- R—Roll a hoop up Pike's Peak.
- M—Murder the King's English.
- E—Engage in fisticuffs.
- R—Rouse the rabble.

(Continued on page 47.)

## Family Fun



By Loie Brandom

**H**ALLOWEEN used to be considered a time when children played pranks, but not any more. In many cities and towns the churches, schools, chamber of commerce or other organizations provide some form of entertainment to keep the children off the streets. Sometimes "block parties" are organized. Then a whole block or square is roped off, with the permission of the city authorities, and parades, contests, games and treats are arranged by the parents and businessmen of the neighborhood.

But where none of these advantages are available, a few families can get together for an evening of fun. Decorations may consist of black and orange crepe paper streamers, black cats, witches and ghosts. A few stunts and games should be arranged in which children and grownups take part together. Here are a few suggestions:

**Who Knows Whose Nose?** Select a scorekeeper and a timekeeper and divide the players into two equal groups. One group goes into an adjoining room. An old sheet is then hung across the doorway between the rooms. It has a small hole cut in it, about five feet from the floor. A member of one group sticks his nose through the hole in the sheet. The other group tries to guess whose nose it is. When this nose is identified, then a member of the opposing group sticks his nose through the hole; and so on, until each one gets a turn or until a score of 100 has been reached by one side. To score, a point is given for each second a group requires to identify a nose. The lowest score wins unless 100 is set as the end of the game. Then the side that reaches 100 first is the loser. It thus behooves a side

(Continued on page 47.)



# WHAT THE CHURCHES ARE DOING IN

## family life



By J. D. MONTGOMERY

During the autumn, when churches again enter more vigorously into regular activities, they begin to think anew of certain elements of the church program. It is an opportune time to consider what improvements may be made or what new features may be added.

### CHRISTIAN FAMILY EMPHASIS MONTH

The month of May was Christian Family Emphasis Month at the Second Christian Church in Indianapolis. This was part of a larger emphasis in the church's educational program which started in the fall months of the previous year with special work in leadership education. Inspired by this leadership education program, plans were started early for an emphasis in family education in the spring. So May became Family Emphasis Month, and special features were planned in keeping with Family Week.

On the second Sunday in May a Family Week emphasis characterized the morning service. A well-planned program included special music in keeping with the spirit and importance of the day. The minister, the Rev. R. H. Peoples, brought a challenging message on "Marks of a Christian Home." The first mark of a Christian home, he said, is *Christian parents*. A second mark is that it regularly makes some form of *Worship* a part of its regular activities. The time and type of family worship may vary in different homes or even within the same home as its members grow and develop. A third mark of a Christian home, the minister explained, is a *Christian atmosphere*. Elements which go into making a Christian atmosphere are helping children to form good habits, based on Christian principles; teaching the children by setting a good example as well as by formal instruction; and inspiring children to develop a loyalty to family ties that will be strong enough to hold them as they mature.

As another part of the program for Christian Family Emphasis month the church conducted a Family Institute on two successive evenings. A carefully planned program included the whole family, with special emphasis on parent education. The program opened each evening at 7:30 with a filmstrip on family life. The children went into their respective age groups for purposeful activities, while the parents divided into three discussion groups according to interests. The topics for the three groups were: "Getting Along in the Family,"

"Knowing Our Children Better," and "Preparation for Marriage and Family Life." At 9:15 the entire group came together for a fifteen-minute closing worship led by one of the families of the church. Literature on home and family life was on display during these two evenings.

On an evening in the following week a Family Frolic was held at the church. This was originated, planned and carried out by the entire youth group of the church.

Variety characterized the program. It featured films, a fellowship sing and a comedy, which were enjoyed by young and old alike. A Girl Scout troop and the Cub Scouts shared in the plans and the program. More than one hundred youths participated in the fun of the evening and a goodly number of parents shared in the activities and services. The frolic was a great success and developed a fine spirit of fellowship. As a result, it is now anticipated that the frolic will become an annual event.

### FAMILY FESTIVALS

One of the churches in Glenview, Illinois, is successful in conducting family festivals. These take place on Wednesday evenings from 6:15 to 8:30 and include two church school classes and their teachers and the families of these children. As this church limits its classes to twelve children, the groups vary from 40 to 105 persons. One member of the congregation is named Family Life Program director, and she attends all the festivals and helps to organize and plan them. At each festival she is aided by the two teachers and their classes.

This church's festival pattern has several emphases, each of which is important in completing the full evening. It includes eating together, playing and creating together, singing together, seriously thinking about some aspect of family living, and worshipping together.

Supper is served buffet style and is planned to be as delicious and to make as little work as possible. After supper the pre-school children are invited into their own room to play under the leadership of a volunteer adult because this group is not old enough for organized activity. The rest of the members are then ready for playing and creating together. If it is one of the larger festivals, those present are divided into several groups. Individuals may go in relays from one group to another so as to enjoy a taste of each activity. For example, a typical festival might have groups for creative painting, folk games and a treasure hunt, all going on simultaneously. Later all may enjoy group singing, fun songs and familiar tunes that everyone knows. Sometimes the children are prepared to teach a song or two to the group. If there is some particular talent in the classes, it is used.

The more serious part of the program consists of a twenty-minute discussion of some aspects of family living. Keen interest may cause it to last longer than it is scheduled. The form which this part of the program takes varies considerably. Always, however, the subject is something in which the youngsters themselves have expressed an interest. It can be developed in many ways—through interpretative role playing, panel discussion, service projects, skits on current problems, general discussion of new ideas in family living and race relations and other subjects.

Finally, as the evening draws to its close, the group worships briefly together.



# STUDY GUIDE

## on "Food to Nurture Your Child's Mind and Spirit"

By ORPHA B. KUTNOW

### I. Leader's Preparation:

1. *Familiarize yourself with the supplementary material listed here, and any other material available relative to the subject.*

2. *Have the study group read the article and ask them to be prepared to supplement it by suggestions of their own.*

3. *Assign to individuals qualified to discuss them a topic or topics from the list below.*

4. *Arrange an attractive display of as many articles as may be found pertaining to the subject. Using *Hearthstone* as a focal exhibit; place about it games, pictures, records, various types of hobbies, and particularly any of the books and material suggested as supplementary material. Provide adequate time for the examination of the display.*

5. *Prepare a simple booklet containing a mimeographed list of the supplementary books given here, with several blank pages for notes. Booklets should be distributed before the meeting.*

### II. The Meeting:

#### 1. Devotional Period—

A family worship service should be conducted by a representative family group. Urge them to proceed naturally, in a service that should not exceed ten minutes.

#### 2. Discussion Period—

The discussion of specific topics should follow, with a time limit imposed. An opportunity for questions and comments should be given after each discussion.

### III. Questions for Discussion:

1. What, according to the teaching of the Scriptures, is the responsibility of a parent to his children?

2. "Children come to understand something of God because we, in a human sense, represent God to them." What are the implications of this statement?

3. Suggest several specific ways of making the family worship service more meaningful.

4. Are we our brothers' keepers? How can we teach children that sharing is a blessed experience?

5. How should a child's allowance be determined? How spent? Should it be tithed?

6. Does Emily Post's book *Etiquette* have a place on our shelves? How can courtesy be best taught to a child?

7. What influence have pictures on children? How can we know what is good? What pictures have no place in our homes?

8. Are the comics a menace? Can anything be said for them?

9. How can we make good books attractive to our children?

10. How could television under the wrong control menace society? Has television any benefits for the family? Is television improving? What is your reaction to advertising?

11. How early should a child be taken into complete confidence in family dis-

for what they do? Should they be given responsibilities where expensive equipment or the possibility of waste is involved?

14. How can children be taught to conquer fear?

### IV. Suggested Resources:

Supplementary material to be mimeographed and distributed to members of the discussion group as a convenient reference source. The materials here suggested are significant in their approach to the problem, for they are readable, available, and inexpensive.

*Our Family Grows Toward God*, Mary Clemens Odell. Abingdon Cokesbury Press, New York, 1949, 50c.

*Guiding the Family in Christian Growth*, Mary Alice Jones. Abingdon Cokesbury Press, New York, 1949, \$1.00.

*Toward a Christian Home*, Florence M. Sly. The Bethany Press, St. Louis, Mo., 1949, 45c.

*Building Spiritual Foundations in the Family*, L. Foster Wood. Judson Press, Philadelphia, 1936, 45c.

*Growing Together in the Family*, L. Foster Wood. Abingdon Cokesbury Press, New York, 50c.

*The Children We Teach*, Elizabeth Whitehouse. Judson Press, Philadelphia, 1951, \$2.50.

*The Use of the Bible with Children*, Ethel L. Smither. Abingdon Cokesbury Press, N. Y., 1937, \$1.00.

*Bible Stories for Boys and Girls*, Theodore W. Engstrom. Zondervan Publishing Co., Grand Rapids, Michigan, 1948, \$1.98.

*Prayers for Little Children*, Mary Alice Jones. Rand McNally Co., New York, 15c.

*Story and Verse for Children*, Miriam Blanton Huber. Macmillan Co., New York, 1940, \$5.25.

*Forty Gospel Hymn Stories*, George Sanville. Rodeheaver, Hall Mack Co., Winona Lake, Ind., 1943, \$2.00.

*There's Music in Children*, Emma Dickson Sheehy. Henry Holt, N. Y., 1946, \$2.50.

*Low Cost Crafts for Everyone*, Harry Atwood Reynolds. Greenberg Publisher, Inc., N. Y., 1939, \$2.50.

*Fun-time Crafts, One Hundred Things to Make from Materials at Hand*, James Schwalbach. The Children's Press, Chicago, 1949, \$1.25.

*Playtime*, Agnes Durant Pylant. Broadman Press, Nashville, Tenn., 1950, \$2.25.

*Games for Quiet Times and Small Spaces*, Association Press, 291 Broadway, N. Y., 1951, 50c.

### When Children Come with You

Plan to have a leader who may:

**Conduct a Story Hour.** Stories of the origin of Halloween, the problem of Mischief Night, leading children into thinking in terms of genuine fun, rather than destruction of property would be appropriate at this time. "The Shoemaker and the Elves" is a fascinating story for this season, as is James Whitcomb Riley's "Little Orphan Annie." These may be found in any public library. Other stories may be found in the primary and junior story papers.

**Guide in Making Masks.** Children will have fun making funny-face masks from brown paper bags and crayons. This activity might be followed with a funny-face parade. Other suggestions are found in books like *Holiday Craft and Fun*, by Joseph Leeming, and *Here's How and When*, by Armilda Keiser. Suggestions and directions are often found in the primary and junior story papers.

**Direct Games.** Games appropriate for the season can be found in any good book of parties or in the story papers and this magazine (see pages 34-35). Perhaps light refreshments, such as cider and doughnuts, could be arranged to add a festive touch.

cussions? Can this knowledge be a burden? Since childhood should be care-free, isn't it wrong to tell children about the high cost of living?

12. How can a child be taught consideration and respect for old age? How can we teach consideration and kindness to children who are instinctively cruel?

13. How much work should we expect from our children? Should they be paid



*So the stream of life seems to pass you by?*

*Then try tapping a spring  
that will gush forth to the river*

# SHUT - INS MAY SERVE

**S**O YOU ARE a shut-in! And because you cannot get out and go to church any more, you feel that you are cut off from the church to some degree. Indeed, you are sure that the church no longer needs any aid that you may be able to give it. You are quite wrong. *The church has a job for you*—a very big job, and one perhaps that you can do better than anyone else in the church.

Perhaps you can no longer attend services, or can attend only upon rare intervals and with special effort. Therefore you cannot teach a church school class, or hold an office in one of the church organizations. Anyhow, you probably served your time in those offices several years ago!

There are big jobs waiting for you—jobs that perhaps are not being done at all at present. In these jobs you can serve God and your church, and your consecrated service will fill a real need.

First, there is the job, so often neglected, of sending cards to those who are ill, to homes where there are new babies, and to those where there is sorrow. No matter whether

a church is large or small, it is always a help to have some conscientious Christian offer to take over this detail. Most churches will gladly supply an assortment of the cards that are needed. Announcements may be made at church, telling the name and telephone number of the person who should be notified in case of illness, deaths or births. Members will soon become accustomed to telephoning these notices—and it is nice to receive telephone calls when you are a shut-in!

The second job is a very big one these days—to write to all the boys connected with the church who have gone into the armed services. Every boy or girl who is away from home looks forward to getting letters. We know that all who ever served in the armed forces tell how expectantly they looked forward to mail call. An extra letter, even if it is only one a month, is a welcome thing to a boy or girl far away.

It may be that if your church is a large one, you will not be able

to write one letter a month to everyone who has gone forth into the service. Yet a letter a day does not seem as if it would be too hard a task, and that would mean writing thirty letters in a month.

I have written fourteen letters a month to boys in the service regularly, adding new names as new boys enlist. In addition, I have continued to carry on the duties as minister's wife, raise three children, do all my work, and so on.

When I write the first letter to a boy—and some of the boys on my list have been away since we came to this church and are therefore really strangers to me—I tell him that I do not wish him to feel that he has to answer my letters. I tell him that I want to write to him now and then, to keep him informed of church news, and to give him the pleasure of extra letters.

Do not start out with the idea that every boy you write to will answer or correspond with you. There are people in the world who are good letter writers, who always answer their mail. There are others who find it a burden even to write regularly to their mothers—and additional correspondence must not be forced upon them as a burden. But they will all—every one of them—love to get letters. Some of them do not answer. But after a while I hear through their parents how very much they enjoy receiving my letters, and how they appreciate the fact that some-

one not related to them cares enough to write to them. That is repayment enough for the effort!

During the second World War one of the boys to whom I wrote had the misfortune to lose his mother while he was in the South Pacific. It disrupted his whole life and thought. He wrote to all his relatives and friends (including me), telling them not to write to him any more, as he wanted to cut all ties with home and live only in the day-by-day navy life. I wrote back that unless he told me that he did not want to receive letters, I would write regularly, even if he never answered.

*(Continued on page 45.)*





# Let's Make Quilts

*Tufted or stitched  
in a fancy design,  
an heirloom you'll fashion  
if you'll just take the time*

forts": I don't actually "quilt" my coverings, as that requires many hours, and also a quilting-frame, etc. I tie them, using a sharp, large-eyed needle and woolen yarn, cotton rug yarn, or heavy crochet thread. Once I used white grocer's string, and you'd never know the difference!

You have to decide the sized quilt you want, depending on the bed to be covered. Almost all of these designs are planned to use scraps, enough to make one or two blocks at a time, just as your grandmother did; so I have not given yardage.

For the back of the quilt, you can buy two or three lengths of cloth (depending on the width of the quilt, and the width of the material). Measure these about four inches longer than the top will be. If you use three lengths, but not the full three widths, center the middle one, and cut strips from the sides of the other two. These strips can be used between the blocks of the pattern, or in the blocks themselves. Often you can cut away the worn parts of an old bedspread, and use the best parts for a quilt back. Or use window curtains or draperies you are tired

of, but that still have a lot of wear in them.

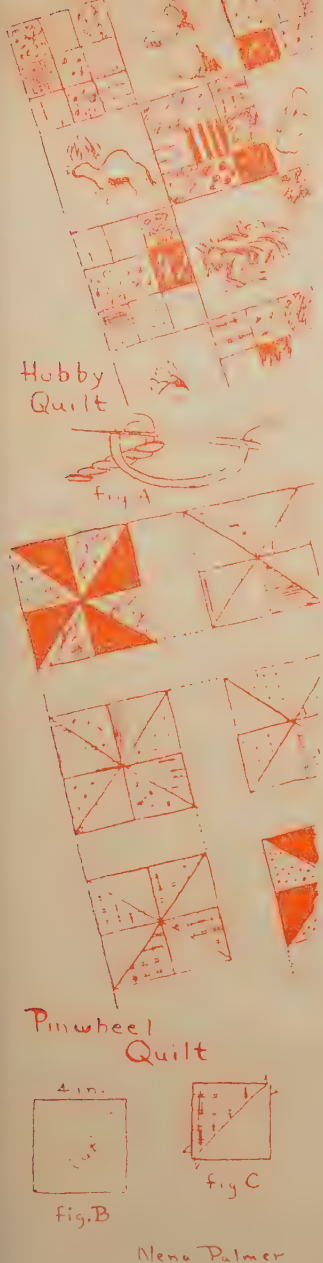
*Make the back two inches wider all around than the top; then bind it over the edges for a neat border.*

For the interlining, you can use cotton batting sold for the purpose. I never do. I use old woolen blankets that won't stand another washing (but will wear forever inside a quilt), or old flannel sheet-blankets. The advantage of using blankets is that you can wash a cotton quilt lined this way in the washing machine, and there won't be any batting to mat up. Most of my friends are doing the same thing now, and we all wonder why we didn't think of it years ago!

You can make quilt tops of cotton, silk, or woolen cloth, but always use only one kind to a quilt. And you can sew them by hand, or on the machine, as you wish. **But you have to be very careful to keep your seams even!** And I do mean *even!* *All the quilts I have suggested here are worked out for a quarter-inch seam allowance, and they won't fit together properly if you use a shade more or a shade less. I can't emphasize that too much! And now to the quilts:*

**Hobby Quilt:** You do have a hobby, don't you? It might be famous dolls, or horses, or different kinds of dogs, or garden flowers. Each finished block will be nine inches square; so figure the number of squares you will need. Half of these will have pictures on them. Collect that number of pictures of your favorite subject, any size. The quilt I have shown uses religious pictures collected from Christmas cards. Where a large scene was shown—for example, the three Wise Men bearing their gifts—I just used a part of the picture, leaving out the background. Draw a square enclosing the part of the picture you want to use, and divide it into nine parts on each side and line the picture into squares. These squares can be any size at all. Now take a piece of paper and mark it off into *inch* squares, nine inches to each side. Enlarge the little picture on this paper, filling in one square at a time. It's easy!

*(Continued on next page.)*



**I**F YOU HAVE never made a quilt, you don't know what you're missing! And if you have, these patterns, some new, some very old, will add to your collection. In these busy times, most girls don't bother learning to sew the fine seams their grandmothers did, and it's a pity! Nothing that is bought can equal a really well-made hand-done job, and the old adage is just as true today as it was a hundred years ago: "Practice makes perfect."

Quilt-making is ideal group-work, and working together with your class, you could make quilts for a charity project, or for a benefit sale to raise money for your missionary box or other charity.

Here are a few general instructions for making quilts, or "com-



Cut pieces of plain material, all the same color, or all different, nine and a half inches square. Trace your pictures on these and embroider them in whatever colors you choose, using the outline stitch (Fig. A). Make the 9-piece blocks from figured materials three and a half inches square. Piece the blocks together, alternating pictures and 9-piece blocks. You'll have a colorful and unusual quilt!

**Pinwheel Quilt:** This is based on a very old pattern, and there are many variations. For my quilt, I used all types of figured cottons and plain colors, all except blue, for the pinwheels. For each block you need two squares of plain material and two of figured, each four inches square. Cut these diagonally (Fig. B) and you will have four triangles of each color. Alternate them, making four little squares first, then joining them (Fig. C). Now cut strips of a

plain or figured material three inches wide and as long as possible. Join the pinwheels with these, piecing the strips as needed. I saved plain blue materials, dark, medium and light, but all blue (you could use red, yellow, or any color you like), cut them in strips, and pieced them at random. It makes an interesting variation I have never seen before.

I made this quilt by hand, and it took a long time, but the result was worth it!

**Pinetree Quilt:** This pattern is taken from a quilt top made by my great-grandmother long before 1900, and it is one of the prettiest I have ever seen. Her quilt was made of green-figured calico, a pattern no longer found in the stores, but I discovered one very much like it, which I used for a backing. It is a dark green, with a small black and white figure. The small white triangles (F) are unbleached muslin, as are half the small squares (G), and all the large blocks. Half the small squares (G) are bright red—what used to be called "turkey red." For the pine-trees (green triangles), cut patches three and a half inches square and then cut them diagonally (Fig. D). For the tiny white triangles, make blocks two and three-fourths inches square and cut them diagonally

(Fig. E). The small squares (G) are four and a half inches, half red and half white, alternated all over the quilt, as indicated.

Start by making the pinetrees, sewing two tiny white triangles to a green triangle (Fig. H), and piecing these together in strips of four. Notice that the base of the tree fits the sides of the red squares and the points meet the white squares.

My great-grandmother's quilt will be used for over a hundred years at least, and yours will be too! So it is well worth the time spent on it.

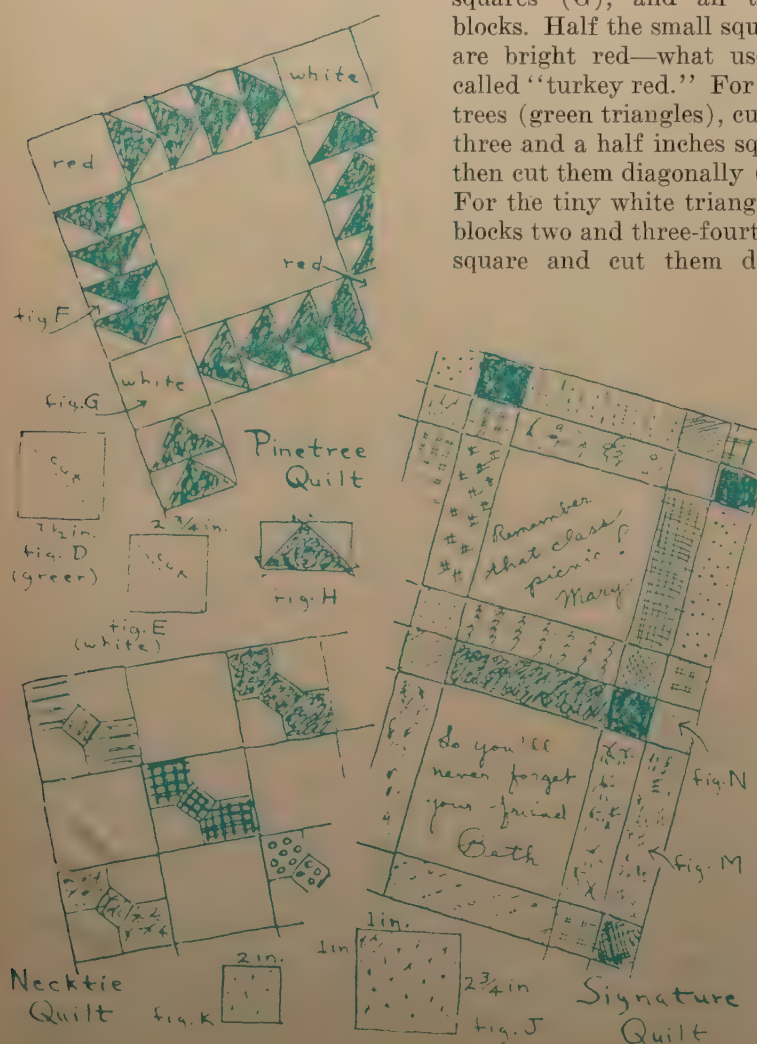
**Necktie Quilt:** This is also an old pattern, with many variations, but one of the prettiest, none the less. The parts of each tie should be of the same material, and the two blocks making up the square should be the same, but different from the tie. You can use a figured material for the tie, and a plain or striped cloth for the other blocks. The large blocks between should contrast in some way. They are best of solid-colored cloth, either the same all over (which you will have to buy), or different colors (which you will find in the scrap-box). I prefer the latter, as I try never to spend any money on quilts!

For the ties, I like to use pieces from dresses I have made myself, or from my friends' dresses, which they have given me. Then when you use the quilt, you will remember, "I wore that dress to the class picnic," or "Auntie Bee always looked so nice in that dress." The quilt patches will thus hold pleasant memories long after the dresses have been discarded.

For each block you will need two pieces, two and three-quarters inches square, with a corner snipped off (Fig. J). Also a two-inch square of the same material, and two pieces of contrasting material (like Fig. J). The large blocks between are five inches square.

As the name indicates, the squares not only look like bow ties, but can be made of old neckties that have been worn threadbare

(Continued on page 44.)







## Family Counselor

*When you grow discouraged at factionalism and petty politics, just remember that Christ's own apostles engaged in such conniving at the very banquet table where he was dining. Not content with precedence in this life, they even wrangled over etiquette and the seating arrangement in the world to come.*

**Question** (from Louis V., aged 18, a student in one of my psychology classes at the University): "Did you win in the student election last week?" I asked her before class one day.

"No, the election has to be held again," she replied. "For the student in charge of the ballot box has been accused of electioneering and of influencing voters, so we now have to hold a new campaign. Dr. Crane, isn't it a shame that dishonesty can appear even in our college elections?"

### ENVY'S EVILS

Yes, it is unfortunate that our colleges do not always set the pace regarding morality and sobriety. But politics and wire-pulling are as old as the human race. You can even see the boys on any grammar school playground teaming up against each other. They develop rival gangs.

We also have our distinct factions among the college professors, many of whom stoop to such pettiness as to become nauseous. At Northwestern, for example, a number of my own colleagues sniped at me for years after I launched a daily psychology column. They charged that I was "belittling

scientific psychology by writing a newspaper column." They seemed to think that a newspaper is not an educational instrument in modern society. Thus, Dr. Henry C. Link, Dr. George Gallup, Dr. Donald Laird and myself have been attacked frequently in past years by our own colleagues, simply because we have been spreading psychological truths and scientific techniques via newspaper and magazine articles.

And when a clergyman becomes a regular radio broadcaster, many of his colleagues subconsciously, if not openly, try to belittle him. Why? Envy and jealousy!

### HIGH PRIESTS OF STATUS QUO

In every walk of life, whether it be religious or political, educational or commercial, we find intrigue to match that demonstrated by European diplomats. And every new idea is instantly attacked by the high priests of the status quo, who resent change. Christ was thus murdered by such high priests of the *status quo*, and John the Baptist was beheaded by the similar intrigue of Herodias.

There is still politics in our churches, too, where some clergymen grow incensed if the best paying pulpit in the conference is given to a man brought in from another conference or state. And the "pets" of the bishop are often promoted ahead of other equally good men. But let not these facts discourage you from good works or lessen your interest in participation in the churches.

I have mentioned them because you will hear from others, and psychologically it is wise to face the facts. Just remember that some of Christ's own apostles, after three years' daily contact with such a pre-eminent leader, got to wrangling over who should sit at his right hand versus his left in the world to come!

### POLITICS IS ZESTFUL

Politics is really full of zest as long as the competitors are honest and sportsmanlike. The conflict between the Democratic and Republican parties can actually promote better government.

And there is no reason why a man in office should not appoint his friends to necessary jobs in the state or church or business firm, providing those friends have as much talent as others and providing they render full value for their salaries. However, padding of the payroll, and awarding salaries for no work, or the placing of inferior men in positions for which superior men are applying—these are the dangers which must be constantly guarded against.

We'll have politics wherever three people get together, but insist that the rival factions play the game fairly.

♦ ♦ ♦

*Miriam's case is a paradox in this modern world where jealousy and selfishness are breaking up so many marriages. Miriam's home is about to be wrecked because she is too generous and unselfish. Try to diagnose her behavior.*



## Timely Tips

By Mary Elsnau

Cut the brush end off a discarded toothbrush and use the handle as a lead to pass through the heading of freshly laundered curtains. The rod then will go through without fuss.

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When frying fish or meat, cover the frying pan with a colander turned upside down. The colander holes permit the steam to escape and prevent the grease from spattering.

\*\*\*

If the pattern for cutting a patch-work quilt is made of sand paper the pattern will stay in place on the cloth without slipping.

~~~~~

Question (from Miriam L., aged 29, who has been married for five years): "Dr. Crane, I need your help very much," she began our discussion, "for I seem to have no sense of value. If guests admire anything in my home, I am likely to present the object to them as a gift. I have given away many of my wedding presents, just because somebody praised them. My husband gets angry about it, and says I am a child. He tells me I have no sense of value. Dr. Crane, what makes me act like this?"

### EMOTIONALLY RETARDED

Miriam's childhood clearly explains her present problem. She was brought up in a very strict home where she led a shy, unsocial existence. Her parents did not believe in parties. She had to hasten home from school each afternoon to help her mother with the housework.

Meanwhile, Miriam longed for the normal good times enjoyed by other girls of her age. She was also very hungry to be included in their secrets, but even her clothing marked her somewhat as an alien, for her parents were immigrants from Europe and insisted on dressing her according to their tastes instead of in keeping with modern American standards.

After high school graduation, Miriam wished to get a job, but her father didn't believe in having women employed outside of the home. He grew violent at the suggestion that his daughter should have to work for any other man.

### VALUE IS A HABIT

The idea of "value" is a result of past habits or experience. A child who has never worked for his money cannot be expected to appreciate a dime as can the youngster who has labored throughout childhood. We even measure distance roughly according to our stride. Thus, a child thinks a mile is much longer than does an adult. Similarly, we measure worth or value in terms of the work involved in procuring the object or coin.

To a child who has been properly educated regarding money, a coin is a symbol of minted human energy. He may regard 50 cents as a whole day's work, including mowing the lawn, carrying out ashes or running errands of various types. But youngsters who receive money for no work, as by the allowance plan, have not acquired this sense of value. "Gift" money may actually handicap the child's development of self-reliance, for such gifts serve as crutches, encouraging him to lean on his benefactors or parents, instead of upon himself.

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## All in the Family

By Harold Helfer

Mr. and Mrs. Harry S. Orr, Newton, Massachusetts, both have nonagenarian mothers living. Mr. Orr's mother is 94, Mrs. Orr's mother, 95.

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Things were right quiet around the I. E. Stephens' home at Fort Worth for a few days. All five of the Stephens youngsters had their tonsils removed at the same time.

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Mrs. Dowsie Coleman, of Holly Springs, Mississippi, thought she recognized the birthday card her

### MIRIAM BUYS FRIENDS

Miriam didn't have a normal adult conception of value because she had never earned money. Her husband was correct, therefore, in saying she was childish. But in addition to that liability, she was also so hungry for friends and admiration, that she again demonstrated a child's reaction by trying to buy friendship. A youngster who feels socially aloof from his crowd may try to bribe admittance into the inner circle by offering his toys or candy and chewing gum to the other children.

Miriam is doing the very same thing. For it is so novel and thrilling to her to have people admire something which she owns, that she gratefully hands over the object as a gift. She needs to be socialized and to work for money. This training should have started twenty years ago, but it isn't too late, even now, for we can learn as long as there is life and motivation. She must join the Compliment Club and thus win friends with words, instead of using her wedding gifts as bribes.

*(Always write to Dr. Crane in care of this magazine, enclosing a long, 3c stamped, addressed envelope and a dime to cover typing and printing costs when you send for one of his psychological charts.)*

sister received from Korea. It turned out to be one Mrs. Coleman had sent her nephew in Korea. He sent it back to his mother for her birthday.

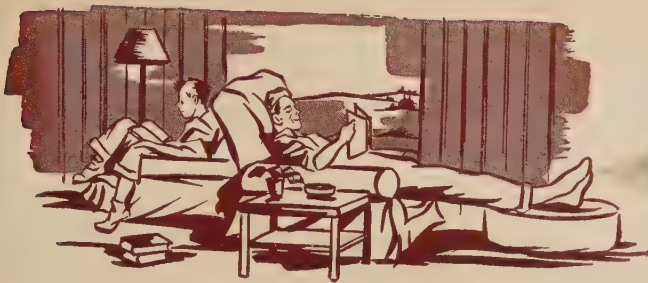
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William Whitacre and his four sons are all pharmacists in Springfield, Ohio, each operating his own drugstore.

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Keeping up with an old family tradition, Elisha S. Miller celebrated his 100th birthday. A sister lived to be 101, and his mother died at 103.





## Books for the Hearth Side

If you are among the parents who are searching for devotional material on the child's level, *Our Father*, by Helen Link (The Christian Education Press, 96 pages, \$1.75), will be the answer. This book interprets for children their everyday experiences, giving them spiritual significance. There are five general themes: "At Home," "The House of God," "Friends and Neighbors," "My Father's World," and "Great Days of the Year." In the first theme, one of the meditations is titled, "Death Is a Door." This one meditation will be found to be worth the price of the book. Children who read well will enjoy using this book by themselves. Younger children will benefit from having it read to them. Families who use it together will find their worship enriched.

One of the most delightful tales it has been our privilege to read in a long time is *Ladycake Farm*, by Mabel Leigh Hunt (J. B. Lippincott, 128 pages, \$2.25). The story begins as the Freed house is moved along the road on rollers, moving to the country. The adventures of a family who is different, the pleasures they find on the farm, some of their heartaches, their courage, and their successes, make this a memorable book. There is a warm-hearted family relationship which extends to the neighbors in helpfulness. In spite of rebuffs, snubs, and setbacks, the family achieves success and good will as individuals and a group, even to the basic one of friendship between the races. The attractive drawings and end papers are by Clotilde Embree Funk.

Three new biographies for children make delightful reading. *George Washington*, by Clara Ingram Judson (Wilcox & Follett, 224 pages, \$3.50), begins at George's boyhood home, Ferry Farm. It contains vivid word-pictures of tall, strong, hot-tempered George, and his interests and adventures, and traces his life through young manhood, to commander-in-chief, and on to President. It also shows the warm family relationship that existed in George's home at Mt. Vernon. The attractive illustrations by Robert Frankenberg, from the charming end papers to the close of the book, add reality to the life of the father of our country.

*Gandhi, Fighter, Without a Sword*, by Jeanette Eaton (Morrow Junior Books, 253 pages, \$3.00), gives a clear-cut picture of one of the world's greatest figures. The story begins when Mohandas was a young man and traces his remarkable life to its close, highlighting his austere way of life, his keen sense of humor, his championing of the downtrodden, his efforts for peace. In this luminous biography, Gandhi lives again as hero, saint, and man. Ralph Ray's charming pictures make Gandhi's land real to the readers.

"Good luck, Mary Ann," were Father's parting words as he left Mary Ann for a trial week with Aunt Sophia, at Long Nook, to see if the two of them liked each other well enough to want to spend the summer together. *Good Luck, Mary Ann*, by Agnes Louise Dean (Abingdon-Cokesbury, 160 pages, \$2.00), tells of the experiences of that week: the happy days, the sad ones, the gay companions, the excitement of learning new tasks, Mary Ann's growing fondness for Aunt Sophia and her aching desire to stay all summer at Long Nook. Readers will enjoy the detailed account of the week and, with Mary Ann, will wonder about the final outcome

of the trial, which is not revealed until the last two pages. The line drawings by Katharine R. Wireman add to the delight of this story.

A delightful mystery for children, *The Mystery of the Alpine Castle*, written and illustrated by Harriet Evatt (Bobbs-Merrill, 242 pages, \$2.50), has in it the kind of suspense that children love. The antics of Tekie, the Siamese cat, help Paula to solve the mystery of the old castle, to reunite a family, and to make everyone happy in the village of Wengen. The author's illustrations add to the interest.

Simon & Schuster has published, in the Big Golden Book Series, a new edition of Clement C. Moore's *The Night Before Christmas* (unpaged, \$1.00). While the modern illustrations by Gustaf Tenggren will not appeal to some persons as much as do more traditional ones, the format of this book is especially fine for young children. The pictures are large, in full color, with a minimum of text to each page. This book would add to any child's pleasure in Christmas.

A "how-to-do" book, that will fascinate children of older primary and younger junior age-level, is *See for Yourself*, by Nancy Larrick (Aladdin Book, 48 pages, \$2.00). It will answer many questions children ask, such as how an airplane gets off the ground; how it stays in the air; what causes dew on the grass; why the clouds give rain, and so on. Many of the simple experiments will seem like magic to children, but the scientific explanation is given in words a child can readily understand. This book would help a child find interesting things to do in the summer.

*The Turnspit Dog*, by Maria Leach (Aladdin Books, unpaged, \$1.75), is a delightful story of early American life when small dogs were put inside a wheel to turn the spit on which the meat was cooked. No one gave affection to Spit, the turnspit dog, save Abiah, who wanted him for her own. All her begging for Spit was useless, until the day when he became a hero and saved the town from danger. Children five and six years of age will enjoy the story with its illustrations by Winifred Bromhall.

"Come, let us look at the ways of life in our country. Let us go into out-of-the-way corners, up on the hills, and down in the valleys, into city streets and village homes. Let us see and get to know the people. Here and there, roundabout America, are friends worth knowing."

With these words, Lois Lenski begins a new series of books for children seven to nine years of age, which will be known as the Roundabout America Series.

The first two books in this series are *We Live in the South*, a series of four short stories, and *Peanuts for Billy Ben*. Both are published by J. B. Lippincott, contain 128 pages, and sell for \$2.00.

*We Live in the South* answers many questions children ask about that section of the country, recounting the adventures of real boys and girls.

*Peanuts for Billy Ben* tells a lot about peanuts (which are not nuts at all), but it reveals a far greater truth—a boy's importance to his family. Miss Lenski also illustrates both books, adding to their interest and charm for young readers.



## Dream House

(From page 10.)

of your dreams and then you decide to get the owner a job so he won't have to sell it to you."

Myra sighed. "But Bob, you can't tell somebody else's dreams to move over and make room for yours."

**S**UDDENLY they were both aware of a long, ungainly shadow sprawled across the floor. Mr. Ainsley stood in the doorway, coughing self-consciously.

"Didn't mean to listen in," he apologized, "but if you want the Parkers' address—about the job, you know—I copied it off for you." He was thumbing eagerly through a little notebook.

"Now, look here!" exclaimed Bob in exasperation as Mr. Ainsley ripped out a small sheet of paper.

Myra laughed and patted his arm soothingly.

"It's all right, Honey," she said, taking the slip from the man and putting it carefully in her purse. "I'm afraid we've given Mr. Ainsley a bad time of it."

"Well," the man admitted, sheepishly, "you did put me on the spot, all right. You see, I had it all planned to take down the 'For Sale' sign right after the Parkers left town this morning. Kind of figured I'd buy the place myself and hang onto it for 'em, till things were better. That way they could use it this summer whenever they wanted. Those youngsters can't afford to do without all this—especially right now." He waved a big hand to include the house and the landscape visible through the window. "But I hadn't got it straight in my mind how to make 'em take the money. When you came along and wanted to buy it right off, I was scared they'd lose their place for good." He looked down at his feet in embarrassment. "Now everything will be fine."

Without glancing up, he started for the front door.

"I'll wait for you in the car," he called back.

Bob and Myra sat perfectly still, not looking at each other. Myra was frankly wiping her eyes with her handkerchief and Bob seemed strangely shaken.

After a little while they both got up and walked quietly out of the house. Then Bob spoke.

"How wrong can a person be?" he asked soberly. "I could have sworn the man was only a disappointed salesman."

Myra shook her head.

"His eyes are gentle," she said. "People only look that way when they're used to thinking of someone else."

"Like you," he said wonderingly. "In spite of all the things I said about him, you knew—because you're like that, too."

Myra smiled tremulously.

"Call it woman's intuition," she whispered, not trusting her voice.

Bob shook his head and reached for her hand.

"Right now I can't think what to call it," he replied gravely. "But I'm sure somewhere, sometime, I'll find just the right words."

## The Winning of Ellen

(From page 33.)

len's face halted her. For a frantic moment Sue wondered what to do. Then what her husband said came back to her, and she realized that this was the moment to try to gain her confidence.

"It could be fun," she said, "tearing the hem out, I mean." Ellen looked at her quickly, but Sue went on. "That very thing happened to me once. I was never more embarrassed in my life. Of course, you don't want to wear it with the hem just basted in. It won't take me long to hem it right." She picked up the dress and threw it across her arm.

Quickly, as though some weight was lifted, a smile spread over Ellen's face and some inner glory seemed to lift her shoulders. "What happened, Mother?" she asked.

It was as simple as that and Sue felt herself trembling with relief. Why couldn't she have seen long ago that an exchange of confidence was all Ellen hungered for! With all the gaiety and humor she could muster, she told the two girls of that embarrassing night. They lis-

tened intently, sometimes laughing, sometimes cringing with inner embarrassment.

"Now I must get busy," Sue said.

Ellen's small, innocently rouged face was a wreath of smiles. She walked over and took the dress from Sue's arm. "You don't have to hem it, Mother. I don't mind wearing it this way."

Sue knew that she had made a good beginning and that it was time to go. "All right," she said. "Have a good time at the party."

Ellen caught the tail of her white blouse and pulled it over her head. "Come back down in a little while, Mother, I want to tell you what happened today."

Sue walked down the hall smiling to herself. "I will," she said. "when you're dressed."

## Let's Make Quilts

(From page 40.)

where they have been tied, but still have good pieces at the ends.

**Signature Quilt:** This is an easy quilt to make, with memories to last a lifetime! Cut the large blocks six inches square of different plain colors, or of unbleached muslin, or even from the good parts of old sheet. As members of your "gang" [or "the girls"] come to visit or spend the night, have them autograph a square, and embroider the writing with contrasting floss in outline stitch (Fig. A). The strips (M) are six and a half inches long by two-and a half wide, and the little blocks (N) are two and a half inches square. Make the strips and small squares from plain and figured patches, at random, for an interesting quilt.

This is one quilt you will never want to sell at a bazaar or give away! [But if you should want to use this idea for a quilt to be sold at a bazaar, have the officers and prominent members of your church or club write an impersonal message and their signature on a sheet of paper six inches square. You may also want them to include the date. Then, using a piece of carbon paper, trace these onto the blocks, to be outlined for the quilt. —Ed.]



## Shut-ins May Serve

(From page 38.)

I did not hear from him for six months. At the end of that time he wrote me a pitifully grateful letter, saying that I was the only person who still wrote to him. Even his sisters had stopped writing, after a few months without answers. He was so appreciative that I determined then and there never to ask for answers, but always to be willing to write to the boys and thereby help a little, and add a touch of home in their life out there.

It is a real joy to have the letters of those who *do* answer. They are always so very happy and grateful to get the letters. They are interested in the affairs of the church, and through these letters, and an occasional church bulletin that may be particularly "newsy," they are kept in constant contact with the church. When they are discharged they will then be able to slip back into the life of the church with little difficulty.

When you get a letter from one of those boys who *do* write letters, it is payment for all the effort you make in writing to *all* the boys. Here is an example (and I quote): "I can't tell you in words how much I enjoy receiving your nice letters. Mother writes me, but I like to get letters from different people. So keep on writing to me, even if I am slow in answering."

As you continue this correspondence, you will find that you store away small bits of news and information about your community and its people—a new minister comes to one of the other town churches; someone builds and opens a new store; or a barn burns on a farm outside the town. All these will make interesting reading to a boy far away. Small items from the local newspaper may be enclosed, in case his own relatives do not send him the paper.

It is a big job. It is an important job. And it is a job that a shut-in can do as well—and perhaps better—than anyone else in the church. If you are able to write for an hour or less each day, you can make some serviceman happy with an extra letter at mail call—each day in the month!

*This Is the Way We Did It . . .*

# TEACH THEM to TALK



By INA S. STOVALL

**D**O YOU HAVE a child who won't talk? Or perhaps you have that other problem—one who won't stop talking! We had both varieties, and after seeing the taciturn grow more inarticulate and the loquacious more maddeningly vocal, we decided to "Take steps."

Perhaps the plan that solved our dilemma might help other puzzled parents.

Our eldest, a girl, was the chatterer. The younger children, girl and boy, were the silent type. At table, the

undivided attention while he was talking. We switched topics each week, though in deference to the extreme youth and known preferences of the small boy, he had more than his share of "sports" and "animals." All talks were based on personal experiences or on anything read, heard, or learned from some other person.

We found that each of us learned from the talks of the others, as well as by having to look up something on which to talk ourselves. We read the paper with fresh interest for talkable items. We delved into the encyclopedia, travel books, and books on natural history. We eagerly scanned the magazines and formed the habit of observation and of keeping our ears cocked for anything that we might use in our talks.

Best of all, the younger children developed more fluency and poise by being assured of our sustained attention while they were talking. The older girl learned that by restraining her natural inclination to monologue, she actually sometimes heard something interesting.

The experiment was discarded when it had served its purpose and conversation in the family had become what it should be—give and take for all.



eldest held the floor, with occasional determined interruptions by her parents. If the younger children tried to say anything, they were soon talked down, and we realized they became less and less likely to make any effort to hold their own.

So we evolved a plan. Once a week, right after dinner, each of us had a time to speak. Selection of subjects, of course, varies with the individual. Our topics were history, religion, current events, sports, animals, and each spoke not less than two nor more than five minutes. During that time, he reigned supreme. *No interruptions!* At the end of his talk, the others could ask questions or make comments, but the speaker was sure of

### This Is the Way We Did It . . .

*Hearthstone* would like to hear from its readers regarding the way they have handled certain problems and situations which have come up in their families. Write-ups should be limited to 500 words or less. Contributions which are accepted will be paid for at regular rates. Only those articles will be returned which carry return postage. Here is the chance for our readers to write!



## Cousin Tom and the Honest Hound

(From page 27.)

"Of course," said the hound. "Don't you remember how you got away from us last week? My master was very angry with me, and I went hungry all the next day. I have been looking for you ever since the hunt."

"I know you were not looking for me," said Tom. "Why you don't even know who I am."

"Oh, yes, I was looking for you, too," answered the hound. "Some of our little chickens have been missing, and my master said it was a fox or some strange cat. I don't know you, so that makes you a strange cat. How good it feels to have my day's work all done." And the big dog stretched out under the tree and watched the two friends with one eye.

"But what good is it going to do you?" asked Tom. "You can't climb a tree, and pretty soon you will have to go home for your supper, and we can get away."

"Ask your possum friend to tell you about that," answered the lazy dog.

"It's like this, Tom," said Puddy. "This hound will keep us treed until the sun does down and he knows his master is home from work. Then he will bark and bay and raise so much commotion that he will nearly shake us out of the tree. His master will hear him and come with a stick and knock us silly and carry us off in a bag."

"But I don't want to be carried off in a bag. What would Patience Poodle say?" cried Tom.

The hound put up both ears. "Did you say Patience Poodle?" he asked. "Do you know her?"

"Certainly," answered Tom. "Mrs. Poodle takes care of my house for me."

"Well, well," cried the hound, "Patience Poodle is a close friend of my wife."

And just as if he took an idea out of his pocket, Cousin Tom had a wonderful idea.

"What is your name, Mr. Hound?" asked Tom.

"I am called 'Honest Hound,'" said the dog.

"Honest Hound! I like that!" cried Puddy. "Do you think it is honest to chase people up trees and break up their homes? Do you?"

Honest Hound felt bad when he heard that, and he scratched one ear with one paw. Then he scratched the other ear with the other paw. Then he scratched his nose with both paws.

"Puddy is right," said Tom. "If you are named 'Honest' you ought to be honest."

"That is just it," said the hound. "I promised my master to earn my living when he took me as a puppy, and I have to be honest and do the best I can."

Now Tom thought he would try his idea.

"Mr. Honest Hound," said Tom, "you know your wife pretty well, don't you?"

"Of course, you silly cat, I have known her from a puppy."

"And you say that your wife knows Patience Poodle?" asked Tom.

"She has known Patience Poodle from a poodle," answered the hound.

"And Patience knows me because she sees me every day," said Tom. "So I am not a strange cat—you practically know me yourself."

"That's right!—My master said a strange cat. I guess it would be honest to let you go," and Mr. Honest Hound looked very happy.

"Now," said Tom, "about my friend Puddy. Does your master like hunting?"

"Does he?" asked the hound. "Why he says he would rather hunt than eat."

"Puddy must be awfully good to hunt, because he is getting old and you haven't caught him yet. If your master walks up and hits him with a stick he won't have anybody to hunt for," said Tom.

"Wait a minute," begged Honest Hound. He stood on his hind legs and put his front paws over his eyes, and he stood there thinking and thinking and thinking.

At last Honest Hound spoke. "Mr. Cat, I thank you. Here I was about to spoil the fun for my master. That would not be the honest thing to do. Come down and let me shake your hands."

So it was that Puddy Possum and Cousin Tom shook hands with Honest Hound, and each one went away to his own home for supper.

## Grandpappy Clock

(From page 26.)

finally I fell flat on my face on the floor. I sure jiggled my bells.

RR-ING! RR-ING! Did I make a noise!

Pretty soon down the hall came George. Then came Jane behind him.

## BIBLEGRAM SOLUTION

Biblegram, page 30.

"Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile. Depart from evil, and do good; seek peace and pursue it. The eyes of the LORD are upon the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry."—Psalm 34, 13-15.

### The Words

A People	M Mistake
B Another	N Pointer
C Touch	O Feverish
D Frost	P Grounded
E Keener	Q Paradise
F Homely	R Monday
G Figure	S Feature
H Naughty	T Lioness
I Keeper	U Valet
J Haircut	V Topped
K President	W Dough
L Holiday	X Song

They looked at Diane. Jane snatched the baby up and started to cry. George ran for the telephone. I heard him say, "Doctor, come right away!" And they just let me ring until I couldn't ring any more.

Well, I don't need to tell you that I saved the baby's life. Rob said so right away. He would. And Jane—she actually kissed me, and she said I'd always have a home with them. George himself patted me, and he said, "I'll say we'll keep this old clock. He's the Grandpappy of them all!"

So you see—bless my seconds—that's how I came to be a Grandpappy Clock.

## Will Your Teen-Ager Choose a Church Vocation?

(From page 21.)

From one of the conference counselors the parents learned that the girl had talked with him about the meaning of her commitment and that she had a growing and very genuine religious experience beneath her nonchalance.

Satisfied that the girl is sincere in her decision, the parents have settled down to a relaxed acceptance of it, which appears to be all that she needs by way of encouragement for the moment. The day will come when they can extend help in seeing that she finds an opportunity to begin her service.

NO PARENT need be reminded that the interest span in the early teens is short! A vocational decision made during these years is often set aside unless the home supports the teen-ager in his choice. Needing the approval of his friends, if he feels he will be ridiculed for his decision he may soon find reasons for changing his mind. When this appears to be the case, parents can often help a youth through the critical period in one of two ways: Perhaps they can open the way for him to attend a youth conference where others of his age are considering going into Christian service.

Youth who are considering some Christian calling should get to know the "feel" of working with people in the church. To suggest that they begin their service here and now is often the most helpful thing a parent can do. As choir members, assistants in the church school, or office, or in other ways they may come to learn the workings of the church and find out how they can most usefully and happily fit into its program later in some full-time capacity.

You may have grave doubts about it as you watch the teen-ager in your home tinkering in perspiring concentration on his hot-rod, but it is possible, even so, that he is a potential Christian leader. If he shows such leanings, no one is in a better position than you to help him. Through thoughtful guidance, not through preaching, you can help to harness his vast energies and his desire for adventure, in the cause of uplifting mankind.



## Keep Them Home on Halloween

(From page 34.)

dron (your oldest canning kettle suspended from a tripod of sticks).

For refreshments, serve cocoa in paper cups, apples, doughnuts, or ginger cookies with comic faces. Popcorn balls will be a highlight at any party. Serve the food from a table in a corner of the basement, using a decorative cover and Halloween paper napkins.

If you feel that managing a Halloween party is too much work for you, get a neighbor to help. In our neighborhood, where a good many little ones were growing up, one mother mixed the cocoa and set out the food, another supervised the games. Each year two sets of parents co-operated in the party preparations (fathers can help, too!), so that it was no burden for anyone.

There is no shortage of Halloween games, for the children like the same old ones year after year. For variation, try **Pinning the Tail on the Black Cat**, instead of the donkey. Pin up a large picture of a de-tailed black cat. Then pass each guest a numbered tail with a pin stuck in it. Blindfold the players one at a time, turn them around and let each one try to pin his tail in place.

Another oldie, modernized, is **Spooky in the Graveyard**. Blindfold one child, who is "Spooky," and choose another to be "Goblin." Have the other children join hands and form a circle, with blindfolded Spooky in the center. Goblin stands inside the circle, too. The children march about, saying a nonsense chant, such as:

Spooky in the graveyard  
Can't catch me!  
Catch that goblin  
Behind the tree.

Spooky calls, "Here, Goblin!" and tries to catch Goblin, who leaps about from place to place, calling: "Here, Spooky!" Both players must remain within the circle. When Goblin is caught, he becomes Spooky, and another child is Goblin.

## Family Fun

(From page 35.)

to guess quickly, saving as much time as possible, and this makes for excitement. Even the tiny tots will like sticking their noses through the sheet. [The outline of a jack-o'-lantern or the head of a witch may be drawn on both sides of the sheet, with the hole at the place where the nose should be.—Ed.]

**Jelly Bean Drop** is another contest in which persons of all ages may have some fun. The players are divided into two teams, with the same number of children on each side. Line up the teams on opposite sides of the room and give each player ten black and orange jelly beans. An empty quart jar is placed at the feet of the first one in each line. Standing erect, each player tries to see how many of the beans he is able to drop, from shoulder height,

## Halloween Fairy

I saw a pumpkin in the street,  
I saw a goblin scurry,  
And, hidden there behind a bush,  
I saw a little fairy.

The fairy had a magic wand—  
There was a star upon it.  
She also wore a crown of stars  
Instead of just a bonnet.

She waved her wand and cast a spell  
And everyone was merry  
And no one minded spells at all  
From such a little fairy.

—HELEN HOWLAND PROMMEL

into the jar—at his feet. When he has had his ten tries, he passes the jar down the line to the next in line, and the stunt is continued. After every contestant has had a turn the jelly beans in each jar are counted, and the line that got the most candies in the jar is the winner. Nuts, popcorn or cranberries may be used instead of jelly beans.

In **Whistle Stop** the contestants are lined up in teams of four each. Each player is given two soda crackers, and at the signal *Go*, the leader of each team stands up and begins eating his crackers. As soon as possible after devouring his crackers, he whistles, whereupon the next in line on his team jumps up and begins eating his crackers, and so on. The team that finishes first wins the race.

**Refreshments.** Doughnuts and cider (or milk and coffee), nuts and apples, and pumpkin pie.

## Make It a Party

(From page 35.)

Make them funny! Read at the end of the game.

**What a Heel!**—Place on the floor a large sheet of orange paper about a yard square, which you have divided into sixteen squares. Put a number in each square, as for example: *First row:* 100—75—15—10; *second row:* 25—0—50—75; *third row:* 60—40—5—20; *fourth row:* 5—25—100—70. Give each player, as he takes his turn, three rubber heels which you have bought at your neighborhood cobbler's shop. Have the player stand about six feet away from the numbered chart, and throw the heels, one at a time, attempting to get them inside a numbered square. On the line doesn't count. Give each player two turns, or six chances, to score. Add each one's score (the numbers in the squares where his heels fell), and award a small, appropriate prize to the winner.

**Beware the Black Cat.**—This is a paper and pencil game, and will require a bit of preparation on your part. Type or write out the following ten-part game, with one copy for each guest. You will note that *Black Cat* appears in each part. Your guests must fill in the missing letters, represented by the number of dashes following or preceding *Black* and *Cat*, to make a word to fit the definition given ahead of it.

1. a) A kind of dance  
Black —————  
b) A ridiculous portrait  
———— cat ———
2. a) Extortion by intimidation  
black —————  
b) A teacher  
———— cat ———
3. a) An African Negro  
black —————  
b) A food shop  
———— cat —————
4. a) A scoundrel  
black —————  
b) Chew  
———— cat ———
5. a) A worker in iron  
black —————  
b) To recommend publicly  
———— cat ———
6. a) A large slate  
black —————  
b) A kind of grape  
———— cat ———
7. a) A weighted club  
black —————  
b) Every note cut short  
———— cat ———
8. a) An Indian tribe  
Black —————  
b) A weasel-like animal  
———— cat ———
9. a) A famous English jurist  
black —————  
b) Unhurt  
———— cat ———
10. a) Shoe polish  
black —————  
b) Appease  
———— cat ———

**Answers:** 1 (a) *Black Bottom*, (b) *caricature*. 2 (a) *blackmail*, (b) *educator*. 3 (a) *blackamoor*, (b) *delicatessen*. 4 (a) *blackguard*, (b) *masticate*. 5 (a) *blacksmith*, (b) *advocate*. 6 (a) *blackboard*, (b) *muscat*. 7 (a) *blackjack*, (b) *staccato*. 8 (a) *Black Feet*, (b) *polecat*. 9 (a) *Blackstone*, (b) *unscathed*. 10. (a) *blacking*, (b) *placate*.

**Refreshments.**—By this time your guests have used up considerable energy in effort and laughter, so bring on the refreshments. Make them simple and easy to prepare, and you'll have fun at your own party. Why not sweet cider, doughnuts, apples and popcorn? Or platters of yellow cheese sandwiches, with ripe olives to carry out your Halloween color scheme. Add a dish of green olives and red radishes for variety. For dessert—devil's food cake, baked in sheets, and iced with an orange icing and cut in squares, as well as a yellow cake iced in chocolate, with coffee or hot chocolate. It's been fun, hasn't it!





### **October Observations**

... "October" means "eighth month." We have it as the tenth month because the calendar needed bringing up-to-date. Which reminds us that some further tinkering with the calendar is still needed. . . For instance, why this sliding date for Easter Sunday? Oh, we know why, but there is no valid excuse for it. Why not a fixed date, or a fixed Sunday? . . . October is full of significant observances. World Communion Day, the first Sunday of the month, is important both for the home and for the church. Let every family go to church together on that day. . . The last Sunday of the month is a double feature. It is observed by many churches as Reformation Sunday, and by many others as World Temperance Sunday. . . Other October observances are Columbus Day, Canadian Thanksgiving Day, Men and Missions Sunday, Week of the Ministry, Halloween. . . *Remember!* Watch carefully when you drive to avoid hitting pedestrians. In 1951, 3,420 girls and boys under 14 and 5,090 women and men over 65 were killed in traffic collisions.

### **A Good Idea, Poorly Executed**

Parents are being exhorted to buy Bible Stories Doll Sets to teach religious stories to children while they play with cardboard dolls which can be dressed. Six descriptive Bible stories are now available with dolls, costumes, maps giving the location of the stories, cut-outs of pottery, fruits, animals, beads, shoes and other articles used by the people who are described in the stories.

The poor execution is in the dolls, which are really portrayals of modern personalities, even to the extent of "Toni" hair-dos, instead of true characterizations of the people of Bible times. Also the costumes are modern, at least in the sample we saw, rather than typical of the times told about in the Bible. One or two of the stories are not too wisely selected for younger children, for example, the story of Jairus' daughter.

However, if these facts are kept in mind and children are not given the idea that these cut-outs are authentic reproductions of the times, the doll sets can be used to entertain children and perhaps to make them more familiar with the Bible stories told.

### **The New Bible**

Now is the time for all parents to make use of a good opportunity! The nationwide interest in the publication of the new Revised Standard Version of the Holy Bible provides the opportunity.

There can be little question that more Bible reading should be done in our homes. It should be read more as a family group. It should be read more by individuals. Every home should have a Bible and every person should have his own personal copy.

But just having a Bible is not enough. Making use of it regularly so that its pages become increasingly familiar and well loved is the important thing.

The new version, which carries over all that is good from earlier versions but which puts it all in the familiar phraseology of everyday English usage, removes many of the barriers to Bible reading which stand between the individual and the riches to be found in the Bible.

Parents have an especial responsibility in helping their children to come to know and appreciate the Bible. Certainly Bibles will not be given to children which are purchased because they are cheap, or just inexpensive. If the type is small and difficult to read, if the language is archaic and puzzling to groping young minds, if the Bible is not inviting in appearance and pleasant in its associations, the way to enjoyment of Bible reading is blocked.

Earlier issues of *Hearthstone* have made suggestions as to reading the Bible in the home. Other articles will deal with it in the future. The little booklet *Enjoying the Bible at Home*, by Anna Laura Gebhard, is particularly helpful.

So, let's read the Bible in the New Version, together, this year!





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